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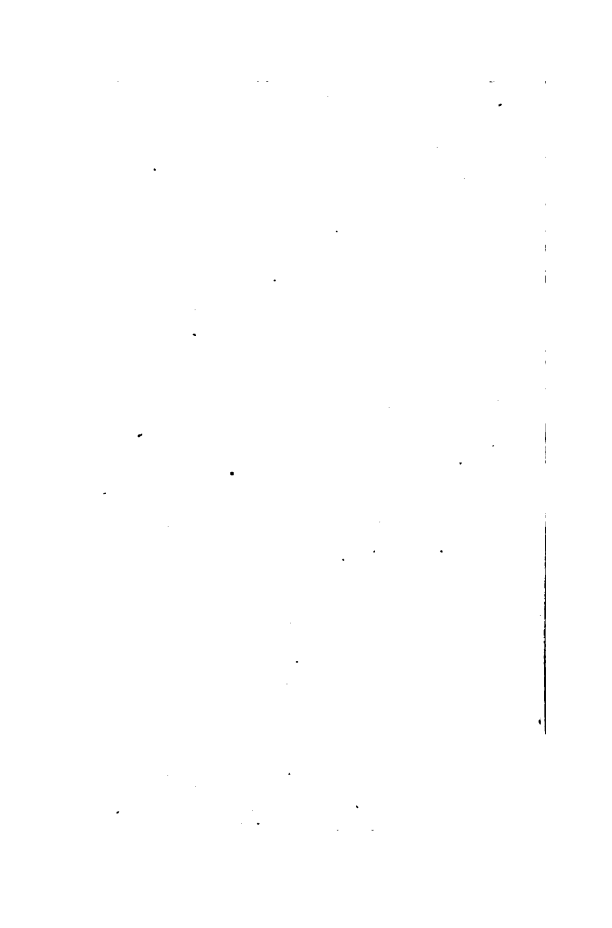
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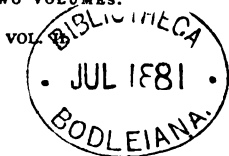
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POEMS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

With a Glossary.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL.



LONDON:
W. KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
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POEMS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

TAM O' SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, e'en on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;
Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How many lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right:
Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy ;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure :
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed !
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide ;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast :
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed ;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed ;
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
(A better never lifted leg,)
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet ;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;

THE POEMS OF

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares
Kirk-Alloway was drawing aigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods!
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleese;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst mak us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the Devil!
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.



A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge :
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl !
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses ;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns ;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape :
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted ;
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted ;
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glowred, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;
The piper loud and louder blew ;
The dancars quick and quicker flew ;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark !
Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens ;

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Heen anaw-white seventeen hunder linen;
 Thir brooks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ane blink o' the bonnie burdies!
 Hut withered beldams, old and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

Hut Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie:
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night inlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenned on Carrick shore!
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perished mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear,)
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude though sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.
 Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cower;
 Sic flights are far beyond her power:
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang,)
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
 And thought his very een enriched;
 Even Satan glowred, and fidget fu' fain,
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main;

Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tim tints his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark !'
And in an instant all was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke ;
As open pussie's mortal foes
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When ' Catch the thief ! ' resounds aloud ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou 'll get thy fairin' !
In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin' !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig ;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake !
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail :
The carlin clauht her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump !
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed :

.

THE POEMS OF

Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

THE HOLY FAIR.

A robe of seeming truth and trust
 Hid crafty Observation;
 And secret hung, with poisoned crust,
 The dirk of Defamation:
 A mask that like the gorget showed,
 Dye-varying on the pigeon;
 And for a mantle large and broad,
 He wrapt him in Religion.—*Hypocrisy à la Mode.*

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
 When Nature's face is fair,
 I walkèd forth to view the corn,
 And snuff the caller air.
 The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintin';
 The hares were hirplin' down the furs;
 The laverocks they were chantin'
 Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowred abroad,
 To see a scene sae gay,
 Three hizzies, early at the road,
 Cam skelpin' up the way;
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining;
 The third, that gaed a-wee aback,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

The twa appeared like sisters twin,
 In feature, form, an' claes;
 Their visage withered, lang, an' thin,
 An' sour as ony slaes:
 The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
 I think ye seem to ken me;
 I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,
 But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, an' laughin' as she spak,
 An' taks me by the hands,
 'Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 Of a' the Ten Commands
 A screed some day.

'My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
 The nearest friend ye hae;
 An' this is Superstition here,
 An' that's Hypocrisy.
 I'm gaun to Mauchline Holy Fair,
 To spend an hour in daffin';
 Gin ye'll go there, yon runkled pair,
 We will get famous laughin'
 At them this day.'

Quoth I, 'With a' my heart I'll do't,
 'I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
 An' meet you on the holy spot;
 Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin'!'

THE POEMS OF

Then I gaed hame at crowdie time
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin' graith,
Gaed hoddin' by their cotters;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springin' o'er the gutters,
The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
An' farls baked wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glower Black Bonnet throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On every side they're gatherin',
Some carrying dales, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy blethrin',
Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the showers,
An' screen our countra gentry,
There racer Jess, an' twa-three whores,
Are blinkin' at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin' jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
An' there a batch of wabster lads,
Blackguarding frae Kilmarnock,
For fun this day.

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes ;
Ane curses feet that fyled his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays :
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screwed-up grace-proud faces ;
On that a set o' chaps at watch,
Thrang winkin' on the lasses
To chairs that day.

O happy is that man an' blest !
Nae wonder that it pride him !
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin' down beside him !
Wi' arm reposed on the chair-back,
He sweetly does compose him ;
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
An's loof upon her bosom,
Unkenned that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation ;
For Moodie speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' damnation.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' God present him,
The vera sight o' Moodie's face,
To's ain het hame had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin' !
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' an' he's jumpin' !

THE POEMS OF

His lengthened chin, his turned-up snout,
 His eldritch squeel and gestures,
 O how they fire the heart devout,
 Like cantharidian plaisters,
 On sic a day!

But hark! the tent has changed its voice;
 'There's peace an' rest nae langer:
 For a' the real judges rise,
 They canna sit for anger.
 Smith opens out his cauld harangues
 On practice and on morals;
 An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

What signifies his barren shine
 Of moral powers and reason?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.
 Like Socrates or Antonine,
 Or some auld Pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in,
 That's right that day.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poisoned nostrum;
 For Peebles, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum:
 See, up he's got the Word o' God,
 An' meek an' mim has viewed it,
 While Common Sense has ta'en the road,
 An' aff, an' up the Cowgate,
 Fast, fast that day.

Wee Miller, niest, the guard relieves,
 An' orthodoxy raibles,
 Though in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But, faith ! the birkie wants a manse,
 So cannily he hums them !
 Although his carnal wit an' sense
 Like hafflins-ways o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

Now butt an' ben, the change-house fills,
 Wi' yill-caup commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
 An' there the pint-stowp clatters ;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' logic an' wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

Leeze me on drink ! it gies us mair,
 Than either school or college :
 It kindles wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fu' o' knowledge :
 Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger portion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle up our notion
 By night or day.

The lads an' lasses, blithely bent
 To mind baith saul an' body,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, and that ane's leuk,
 They're making observations ;

THE POEMS OF

While some are cozie iⁿ the neuk,
An' formin' assignations
To meet some day.

But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rainin',
An' echoes back return the shouts:
Black Russell is nae spairin':
His piercing words, like Highland swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow;
His talk o' hell, where devils dwell,
Our vera sauls does harrow
Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottomed, boundless pit,
Filled fu' o' lowin' brunstane,
Whase ragin' flame, an' scorchin' heat,
Wad melt the hardest whunstane!
The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor snorin'
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre-lang a tale to tell
How monie stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill
When they were a' dismiss:
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches:
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash guidwife,
An' sits down by the fire,

Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife,—
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld guidmen, about the grace,
 Frae side to side they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gies them 't like a tether,
 Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks ! for him that gets nae lass,
 Or lasses that hae naething !
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claithing !
 O wives be mindfu', ance yoursel'
 How bonnie lads ye wanted,
 An' qinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day !

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon ;
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At slaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon :
 Wi' faith an' hope, an' love and drink,
 They're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane
 As saft as ony flesh is.
 There's some are fu' o' love divine ;
 There's some are fu' o' brandy :
 An' monie jobs that day begun,
 May end in houghmagandie
 Some ither day.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNEBOOK.*

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never penned :
 E'en ministers, they hae been kened,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid at times to vend,
 And nail 't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befell,
 Is juist as true 's the Deil in hell
 Or Dublin city:
 'That e'er he nearer comes oursel'
 'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was na fou, but just had plenty ;
 I stachered whyles, but yet took tent aye
 To free the ditches ;
 An' hillocks, stanes, and bushes, kened aye
 Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glower
 The distant Cumnock hills out-owre :
 To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
 I set mysel' ;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I could na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
 And todlin' down on Willie's mill,
 Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
 To keep me sicker :
 Though leeward whyles, against my will,
 I took a bicker.

* A schoolmaster who took to quackery.

I there wi' Something did forgather,
 That put me in an oerie swither;
 An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouter,
 Clear-dangling, hang;
 A three-taed leister on the ither
 Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seemed lang Scotch ells twa,
 The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
 For fient a wame it had ava;
 And then, its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
 As cheeks o' branks.

'Guid-e'en,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin'
 When ither folk are busy sawin'?'
 It seemed to mak a kind o' stan',
 But naething spak;
 At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun,
 Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe, — 'My name is Death,
 But be na fleyed.' Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
 Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
 But tent me, billie;
 I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
 See, there's a gully!'

'Guidman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
 I'm no designed to try its mettle;
 But if I did, I wad be kittle
 To be misleared;
 I wad na mind it, no, that spittle
 Out-owre my beard.'

THE POEMS OF

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
 Come, gie's your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
 We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
 Come, gie's your news;
 This while ye hae been mony a gate,
 At mony a house.'

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,
 'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
 Sin' I began to nick the thread,
 An' choke the breath:
 Folk maun do something for their bread,
 An' sae maun Death.'

'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
 Sin' I was to the butchering bred,
 An' mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
 To stap or scar' me;
 Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
 An' faith, he'll waur me.'

'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan,
 Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
 He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan
 An' ither chaps,
 The weans haud out their fingers laughin'
 And pouk my hips.'

'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
 They hae pierced mony a gallant heart;
 But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
 And cursèd skill,
 Has made them baith no worth a ——
 Damned haet they'll kill.'

'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care,
It just played dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

'Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I lookèd to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the heart
O' a kail-runt.

'I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I near-hand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld Apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae tried a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

'Even them he canna get attended,
Although their face he ne'er had kenned it,
Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
As soon he smells 't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it,
At once he tells 't.

'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A, B, C.

THE POEMS OF

' Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
 True sal-marinum o' the seas;
 The farina o' beans and pease,
 He has't in plenty;
 Aquafortis, what you please,
 He can content ye.

' Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 Urinus spiritus of capons;
 Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings;
 Distilled *per se*;
 Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings.
 And mony mae.'

' Wae's me for Johnnie Ged's Hole now,
 Quo' I, 'if that the news be true!
 His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
 Sae white and bonnie.
 Nae doubt they 'll rive it wi' the pleugh;
 They 'll ruin Johnnie!'

The creature grained an eldritch laugh,
 And says, 'Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
 Kirk-yards will soon be tilled enough,
 Tak ye nae fear:
 They 'll a' be trenched wi' mony a sheugh
 In twa-three year.

' Whare I killed a fair strae death,
 By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
 This night I'm free to tak my aith,
 That Hornbook's skill
 Has clad a score i' their last claith,
 By drap an' pill.

' An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair ;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

' A countra laird had taen the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
And pays him well.
The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel'.

' A bonnie lass, ye kenned her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her wame;
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care ;
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

' That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way ;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't ;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey
Wi' his damned dirt !

' But, hark ! I'll tell you of a plot,
Though dinna ye be speaking o't ;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
As dead's a herrin' ;
Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He's get his fairin' !'

THE POEMS OF

But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
 Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
 Which raised us baith:
 I took the way that pleased mysel',
 And sae did Death.

THE ORDINATION.*

'For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven—
 To please the mob they hide the little given.'

KILMARNOCK wabsters fidge an' claw,
 An' pour your creeshie nations;
 An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
 (Of a' denominations,
 Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
 An' there tak up your stations;
 Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
 An' pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

Curst Common Sense, that imp o' hell,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder;
 But Oliphant aft made her yell,
 An' Russell sair misca'd her;
 This day M'Kinlay taks the flail,
 An' he's the boy will blaud her!
 He'll clap a shangan on her tail,
 An' set the bairns to daud her,
 Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste and turn King David owre,
 And lilt wi' holy clangor;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 An' skirl up the Bangor:

* Written on the admission of the Rev. Mr. M'Kinlay as one of the ministers of the Parochial Kirk of Kilmarnock.

This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Heresy is in her power,
And gloriously she'll whang her,
 'Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham leugh at his dad,
Which made Canaan a nigger;
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Wi' whore-abhorring rigour;
Or Zipporah, the scauldin jade,
Was like a bluidy tiger
 I' th' inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
And bind him down wi' caution,—
That stipend is a carnal weed
 He taks but for the fashion;
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especial rams that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin',
 Spare them nae day.

Now, auld Kilmarnock, cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' runts o' grace, the pick and wale,
No gien by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

THE POEMS OF

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-dryin':
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
And o'er the thairms be tryin';
O rare! to see our elbicks wheep,
An' a' like lamb-tails flyin'
Fu' fast this day.

Laug Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
Has shored the Kirk's undoin',
As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,
Has proven to his ruin:
Our patron, honest man! Glencairn,
He saw mischief was brewin';
And, like a godly elect bairn,
He's waled us out a true ane,
And sound, this day.

Now, Robinson, harangue nae mair,
But steek your gab for ever:
Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
For there they'll think you clever;
Or, nae reflection on your lear,
Ye may commence a shaver;
Or to the Netherton repair,
And turn a carpet-weaver
Aff-hand this day.

Mutrie and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones;
Auld Horrie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winkin' baudrons:



And aye he caught the tither wretch,
 To fry them in his caudrons ;
 But now his honour maun detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes,
 She's swingein' through the city ;
 Hark, how the nine-tailed cat she plays !
 I vow it's unco pretty :
 There Learning, with his Greekish face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to Jamie Beattie
 Her plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel',
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;
 See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
 As ane were peelin' onions !
 Now there—they're packèd aff to hell,
 And banished our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come, bouse about the porter !
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter :
 M'Kinlay, Russell, are the boys
 That Heresy can torture :
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse,
 And cove her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

THE POEMS OF

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here 's, for a conclusion,
 'To every New Light mother's son,
 From this time forth, confusion!'
 If mair they deave us with their din,
 Or patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, every skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion
 Like oil, some day.

THE CALF.*

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
 Though heretics may laugh;
 For instance, there 's yoursel' just now,
 God knows, an unco calf!

And should some patron be so kind
 As bless you wi' a kirk,
 I doubt na, sir, but then we'll find
 Ye're still as great a stirk.

But, if the lover's raptured hour
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, every heavenly power,
 You e'er should be a stot!

Though, when some kind, connubial dear,
 Your but-and-ben adorns,
 The like has been that you may wear
 A noble head of horns!

And in your lug, most reverend James,
 To hear you roar and rowte,

* To the Rev. James Steven, on his text, Mal. iv. 2—
 "And ye shall go forth, and grow up as CALVES of the
 stall."

Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank amang the nowte.

And when ye 're numbered wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
'Here lies a famous bullock!'

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

'My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither.
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight,
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight,
For random fits o' daffin.'

SOLOMON, *Eccles.* vii. 16.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebours' faults and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapet happier's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

THE POEMS OF

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave
That purity ye pride in,
And (what 's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco leeway.

See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrified, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it!
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

A DREAM.

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty!
May Heaven augment your blisses,
On every new birthday ye see,
A humble poet wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see
Amang the birthday dresses,
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord and lady,
'God save the King!' 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye;

THE THEMES OF

1. The first thing I did was to
 2. go to the bank and get some
 3. money out of my account.
 4. I then went to the store and
 5. bought some groceries.

[illegible]

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1. 2. 3.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester:
For me, thank God! my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges,)
That he intends to pay our debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, God-sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
An' boats this day.

Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birthday.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gies ye?
Thae bonnie bairn-time Heaven has len
Still higher may they heeze ye

THE POEMS OF

In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release ye
 From care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
 To mak a noble aiver ;
 So, ye may doncelly fill a throne,
 For a' their dishmackerel :
 There, him at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,
 He was an unco shaver
 For mony a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburgh
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Although a ribbon at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer :
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith ! an' get a wife to hug,
 Or, trouth ! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

Young royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;
 A glorious galley stem an' stern,
 'Well rigged for Venus' barter ;

ROBERT BURNS.

41

But first hang out, that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple-airn,
An', large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heaven mak you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty!
But sneer nae British boys awa',
For kings are unco scant aye;
An' German gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want aye,
On onie day.

God bless you a'! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle daudet;
But, ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautet;
An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.*

ORTHODOX, orthodox,
Wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience,
There's a heretic blast
Has been blawn i' the wast,
That what is not sense must be nonsense.

* Written in behalf of Dr. M'Gill, accused of heretic
opinions.

THE POEMS OF

Doctor Mac,* Doctor Mac,
 Ye should stretch on a rack,
 To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
 To join faith and sense,
 Upon ony pretence,
 Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
 It was mad I declare,
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;
 Provost John † is still deaf
 To the church's relief,
 And orator Bob ‡ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild,§ D'rymple mild,
 Though your heart's like a child,
 And your life like the new-driven snaw;
 Yet that winna save ye,
 Auld Satan must have ye,
 For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John,|| Rumble John,
 Mount the steps wi' a groan,
 Cry, the book is wi' heresy crammed;
 Then lug out your ladle,
 Deal brimstone like adle,
 And roar every note of the damned.

Simper James,¶ Simper James,
 Leave the fair Killie dames,

* Dr. M'Gill. † Mr. John Ballantine.

‡ Mr. Robert Aiken, writer.

§ Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple.

|| John Russell. ¶ Rev. James M'Kinlay.

There's a holier chase in your view ;
 I'll lay on your head,
 That the pack ye'll soon lead,
 For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney,* Singet Sawney,
 Are ye herding the penny,
 Unconscious what evils await !
 Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
 Alarm every soul,
 For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,† Daddy Auld,
 There's a tod in the fauld,
 A tod meikle waur than the clerk ; ‡
 Though ye can do little skaith,
 Ye'll be in at the death,
 And if ye canna bite, ye can bark.

Davie Bluster,§ Davie Bluster,
 If for a saunt ye do muster,
 The corps is no nice of recruits ;
 Yet to worth let's be just,
 Royal blood ye might boast,
 If the ass were the king of the brutes.

Jamie Goose,|| Jamie Goose,
 Ye hae made but toom roose,
 In hunting the wicked lieutenant ;
 But the Doctor's your mark,
 For the Lord's haly ark ;
 He has coopered and ca'd a wrang pin in 't.

* Rev. Alexander Moodie. † Rev. Mr. Auld.
 ‡ Mr. Gavin Hamilton. § Mr. Grant.
 || Mr. Young.

THE POEMS OF

Poet Willie,* Poet Willie,
 Gie the Doctor a volley,
 Wi' your 'liberty's chain' and your wit;
 O'er Pegasus' side
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where he —.

Andro Gouk,† Andro Gouk,
 Ye may slander the book,
 And the book nane the waur, let me tell ye;
 Though ye're rich, and look big,
 Yet lay by hat and wig,
 And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

Barr Steenie,‡ Barr Steenie,
 What mean ye, what mean ye?
 If ye'll meddle nae mair with the matter,
 Ye may hae some pretence
 To havins and sense,
 Wi' people wha ken ye nae better.

Irvine Side,§ Irvine Side,
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
 O' manhood but sma' is your share,
 Ye've the figure, 'tis true,
 Even your faes will allow,
 And your friends they daur grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,|| Muirland Jock,
 When the Lord makes a rock

* Rev. Dr. Peebles.

† Dr. Andrew Mitchell.

‡ Rev. Stephen Young,

§ Rev. George Smith,

|| Mr. John Shepherd.

To crush Common Sense for her sins,
 If ill manners were wit,
 There's no mortal so fit
 To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,* Holy Will,
 There was wit i' your skull,
 When ye pilfered the alms o' the poor;
 The timmer is scant,
 When ye're ta'en for a saunt,
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
 Seize your spiritual guns,
 Ammunition you never can need;
 Your hearts are the stuff,
 Will be powther enough,
 And your skulls are a storehouse o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
 Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shire?
 Your Muse is a gipsie,
 E'en though she were tipsie,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

POSTSCRIPT.

Afton's Laird,† Afton's Laird,
 When your pen can be spared,
 A copy o' this I bequeath,
 On the same sicker score
 I mentioned before,
 To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith.

* William Fisher.

† Mr. John Logan.

THE POEMS OF

THE TWA HERDS:*

OR, THE HOLY TULZIE.

OH a' ye pious, godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,
Or wha will tent the waves and crocks
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gave gospel horn a blast,
These five-and-twenty simmers past,
O! dool to tell,
Hae had a bitter, black out-cast
Atween themsel'.

O Moodie, man, and wordy Russell,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
You'll see how New-Light† herds will whistle,
And think it fine:
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
Sin' I hae min'.

O sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
To be their guide.

* Moodie, minister of Riccarton, and Russell, assistant minister of Kilmarnock. A controversy between them ended in blows.

† The 'Old Lights' were the rigid Calvinists, opposed to and by the 'New.'

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank ?
Nae poisoned sour Arminian stank,
 He let them taste.
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank,—
 O' sic a feast !

The thummart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenned his voice through a' the wood,
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
 Baith out and in,
And weel he liked to shed their bluid,
 And sell their skin.

What herd like Russell telled his tale ?
His voice was heard through muir and dale,
He kenned the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
 O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
 At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-Light herds could nicely drub,
 Or pay their skin ;
Could shake them owre the burning dub,
 Or heave them in.

Sic twa—oh, do I live to see't !—
Sic famous twa should disagree,
An' names, like 'villain,' 'hypocrite,'
 Ilk ither gien,
While New-Light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
 Say neither's liein' !

THE POEMS OF

A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
 There's Duncan deep, and Peebles shaul,
 But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
 We trust in thee,
 That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
 Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we're beset;
 There's scarce a new herd that we get
 But comes frae 'mang that cursèd set
 I winna name.
 I hope frae heaven to see them yet
 In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
 M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that cursed rascal ca'd M'Quhae,*
 And baith the Shaws,†
 That aft hae made us black and blae
 Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow‡ lang has hatched mischief;
 We thought aye death wad bring relief,
 But he has gotten, to our grief,
 Ane to succeed him,
 A chiel wha 'll soundly buff our beef;
 I meikle dread him.

And mony a ane that I could tell,
 Wha fain would openly rebel,
 Forbye turncoats amang oursel',
 There's Smith for ane;
 I doubt he's but a grey-nick quill,
 An' that ye 'll fin'.

* Minister of St. Quivox.

† Drs. Andrew Shaw and David Shaw.

‡ Dr. Peter Wodrow.

O! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come, join your counsel and your skills
 To cove the lairds,
 And get the brutes the powers themsel's
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woody dance,
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banished o'er the sea to France:
 Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'Irlymple's eloquence,
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
 M'Quhae's pathetic, manly sense,
 And guid M'Math,
 Wi' Smith, wha through the heart can glance,
 May a' pack aff.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.*

O THOU, wha in the heav'ns dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
 Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
 A' for thy glory,
 And no for ony guid or ill
 They've done afore thee!

* 'Holy Willie' was William Fisher, a hypocritical farmer, leading elder of Mauchline parish. He had persecuted Gavin Hamilton, for setting a beggar to work on Sunday in his garden. 'Holy Willie' robbed the poor, and died drunk in a ditch.

THE POEMS OF

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here, afore thy sight,
For gifts an' grace,
A burnin' an' a shinin' light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, wha deserve sic just damnation
For broken laws
Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
You might hae plunged me into hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Where damnèd devils roar and yell,
Chained to a stake.

Yet I am here, a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example
To a' thy flock.

O Lord! thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singing there, and dancing here,
Wi' great and sma';
For I am keepit by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

But yet; O Lord! confess I must,
 At times I'm fashed wi' fleshly lust;
 And sometimes, too, wi' worldly trust,
 Vile self gets in;
 But thou remembers we are dust,
 Defiled in sin.

O Lord! yestreen; thou kens, wi' Meg—
 Thy pardon I sincerely beg,—
 O, may it ne'er be a livin' plague
 To my dishonour!
 And I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
 Again upon her.

Besides, I further maun avow,
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow—
 But, Lord! that Friday I was fou'
 When I came near her,
 Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
 Wad ne'er hae steered her.

Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn
 Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
 Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
 'Cause he's sae gifted!
 If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne
 Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
 For here thou hast a chosen race:
 But God confound their stubborn face,
 And blast their name,
 Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
 And public shame!

THE POEMS OF

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts!
 He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
 Yet has sae mony takin' arts

Wi' great and sma',
 Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts
 He steals awa'.

An' whan we chastened him therefore,
 Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
 As set the warld in a roar

O' laughin' at us;
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail and potatoes!

Lord, hear my earnest cry and prayer,
 Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr:
 Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak it bare

Upo' their heads!
 Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
 For their misdeeds!

O Lord, my God! that glib-tongued Aiken,—
 My very heart and soul are quakin',
 To think how we stood groanin', shakin',

And swat wi' dread,
 While Auld wi' hinging lip gaed snakin',
 And hid his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him!
 Lord, visit them wha did employ him!
 And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,

Nor hear their prayer;
 But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare!

But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
 Excelled by nane,
An' a' the glory shall be thine,
 Amen, Amen!

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's sair-worn clay
Taks up its last abode;
His saul has ta'en some other way,—
I fear the left-hand road.

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,—
Poor silly body, see him!
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,—
Observe wha's standing wi' him!

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
Has got him there before ye;
But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
Till ance ye've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
For pity ye hae nane;
Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,
And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,—
Look something to your credit;
A coof like him wad stain your name.
If it were kenned ye did it.

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

'To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 33rd of May last, at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the society were informed by Mr. Mackenzie, of Applecross, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they were, by emigration from the lands of Mr. M'Donald, of Glengarry, to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing, Liberty.'

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours,
Unscathed by hungered Highland boors !
Lord, grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
Faith, you and Applecross were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight.
I doubt na, they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water ;
Then up amang thae lakes and seas
They'll mak what rules and laws they please ;
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a-ranklin' ;
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery fearless lead them,
Till God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts directed.
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
May to patrician rights aspire !
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier o'er the pack vile ;



And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance,
To cowe the rebel generation,
And save the honour o' the nation?
They an' be ——! what right hae they
To meat or sleep or light o' day?
Far less to riches, power, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them
But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear.
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gaylies;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
And tirl the hallions to the birses;
Yet while they're only poind't and herriet,
They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit;
But smash them—crash them a' to spails!
And rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour;
Let wark and hunger mak them sober!
The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,
Let them in Drury Lane be lessoned!
And if the wives and dirty brats
E'en thigger at your doors and yetts,
Flaffan wi' duds and gray wi' beas',
Frightin' awa' your deuks and geese,
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
And gar the tattered gipsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!
Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,
And in my house at hame to greet you!
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,—
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right han', assigned your seat,

THE POEMS OF

Twixt Herod's hip and Polycrate,—
 Or if you on your station tarrow,
 Between Almagro and Pizarro,
 A sent, I'm sure ye've well deservin't:
 And till ye come—Your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB.

Jan 1, Anno Mundi 5790 [A.D. 1786].

EPISTLES TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

First.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben Lomond blaw,
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle,
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great folks' gift,
 That live sae bien an' snug:
 I tent less, and want less,
 Their roomy fireside;
 But hanker and canker,
 To see their cursèd pride.

It's hardly in a body's power
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,
 To see how things are shared;
 How best o' chieles are whiles in want,
 While coofs on countless thousands rant,
 And ken na how to wair't:
 But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Though we hae little gear,

We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier :
 'Mair spier na, no fear na,'
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only for to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress;
Yet then content could mak us blest ;
E'en then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.

The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
However fortune kick the ba',
Has aye some cause to smile,
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma' ;
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

What though, like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hall ?

Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year :

On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit an' sowth a tune ;
Syne rhyme till 't, we'll time till 't,
And sing 't when we hae done.

THE POEMS OF

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making muckle mair:
It's no in books; it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang;
 The heart aye's the part aye,
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive through wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
 Baith careless, and fearless
 Of either heaven or hell!
 Esteeming, and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some.
 An's thankfu' for them yet.



They gie the wit of age to youth ;
They let us ken oursel' ;
They mak us see the naked truth,
The real guid and ill.
 Though losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts !
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flattery I detest,)
This life has joys for you and I ;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy ;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien' ;
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean !
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name ;
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame !

O all ye Powers who rule above !
O thou, whose very self art love !
 Thou know'st my words sincere !
The life-blood streaming through my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear !
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.

THE POEMS OF

Thou Being, All-seeing,
O, hear my fervent prayer ;
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care !

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow ;
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you !
Fate still has blest me with a friend
In every care and ill ;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean.

Oh, how that name inspires my style !
The words come skelpin rank and file,
Amaist before I ken !
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phœbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin' owre my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het ;
And then he'll hिल्, and stilt, and jimp,
An' rin an' unco fit ;
But lest then, the beast then
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll 'light now, and dight now
His sweaty wizen'd hide.

Second.

AULD NEIBOR,

I'M three times doubly o'er your debtor,
 For your auldfarrant friendly letter;
 Though I maun say 't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sae fair,
 For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter
 Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
 Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
 To cheer you through the weary widdle
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
 Your auld grey hairs.

But, Davie, lad, I'm rede ye're glaikit,
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
 An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faiket,
 Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin' the words to gar them clink;
 Whyles dais't wi' love, whyles dais't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons;
 An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think,
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the bardie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil haet, that I sud ban
 They ever think.

THE POEMS OF

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while aught 's there,
 Then hikitie, skiltie, we gae scrievin',
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! its aye a treasure;
 My chief, amaisht my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie!
 Though rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie:
 The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
 But for the Muse, she 'll never leave ye,
 Though e'er sae puir,
 Na, even though limpin' wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.

EPISTLES TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

first.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
 An' pairicks scraichin loud at e'en,
 An' morning poussie whidden seen,
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom in an unknown frien'
 I pray excuse.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin,
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin';
 And there was muckle fun an' jokin',
 Ye need na doubt;

At length we had a hearty yokin'
At sang about.

There was ae sang among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife :
It thirled the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught describes sae weel,
What generous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark ?'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin fain to hear 't,
And sae about him there I spier 't,
Then a' that kent him round declared
He had ingine,
That nane excelled it; few came near 't,
It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel',
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Teviotdale
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Though I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

THE POEMS OF

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the crambo-jingle fell,
 Though rude an' rough,
 Yet crooning to a body's sel',
 Does weel eneugh.

I am na poet, in a sense,
 But just a rhymers, like, by chance,
 An' hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet, what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
 And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
 You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
 To mak a sang?'
 But, by your leave, my learnèd foes,
 Ye're may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
 If honest Nature made you fools,
 What sairs your grammars?
 Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shoals,
 Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashers,
 Confuse their brains in college classes!
 They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak;
 An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me a spark o' Nature's fire,
 That 's a' the learning I desire;
 Then though I drudge through dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My muse, though hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

Oh, for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
 Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be lear enough for me,
 If I could get it.

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Though real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I 'se no insist,
 But gif ye want ae friend that 's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel';
 As ill I like my fauts to tell;
 But friends, an' folk that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me;
 Though I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut they whyles lay to me,—
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
 For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair;
 May be some ither thing they gie me,
 They weel can spare.

THE POEMS OF

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there ;
We 'se gie a night's discharge to care
 If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' rhymin' ware,
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we 'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin' water ;
Syne we 'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
 To cheer our heart ;
An' faith, we 'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

There's naething like the honest nappy !
Whar 'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
Or women sonsie, saft, and sappy,
 'Tween morn and morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappy
 In glass or horn ?

I've seen me dais't upon a time,
I scarce could wink, or see a styme ;
Just ae half-mutchkin does me prime,
 Aught less is little,
Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
 As gleg's a whittle !

Awa' ye selfish war'ly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, and grace,
E'en love and friendship, should give place
 To catch-the-plack !
I dinna like to see your face
 Nor hear you crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
 'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,
 Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing or whistle,
 Your friend and servant.

Second.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
 For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin' the corn out owre the rigs,
Or dealin' through amang the naigs,
 Their ten hours' bite,
My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs
 I would na write.

The tapetless ramfeezled hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae busy
 This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
 An' something sair.'

THE POEMS OF

Her dowff excuses pat me mad ;
‘ Conscience,’ says I, ‘ ye thowless jad !
I ’ll write, an’ that a hearty blaud,
 This vera night ;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right.

Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Though mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
An' thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink :
Quoth I, ' Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it ;
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it !'

Sae I've begun to scrawl—but whether
In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch, that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Though fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp:
She's but a bitch.

She's gi'en me monie a jirt an' fleg,
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the Lord, though I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
 Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.,
 And muckle wame,
 In some bit brugh to represent
 A bailie's name?

Or is 't the paughty, feudal thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark and glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel' nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,
 As by he walks?

'O thou wha gies us each guid gift!
 Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if thou please, adrift
 Through Scotland wide;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride!'

THE POEMS OF

Were this the charter of our state,
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heaven! that's no the gate
 We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 An' none but he!'

O mandate glorious and divine!
The ragged followers of the Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
 In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
 Are dark as night.

Though here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcase howl,
 The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
 May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys,
 In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
 Each passing year!

Third.

GUID speed an' furdur to you, Johnny,
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonny ;
Now when ye're nickan down fu' canny

The staff o' bread,
May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Like driving wrack ;
But may the tapmast grain that wags
Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin at it,
But bitter, daudin' showers hae wat it,
Sae my auld stumple pen I gat it,
Wi' muckle wark,
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,
Like ony clark.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter,
Abusin' me for 'harsh ill nature
On holy men,
While deil a hair yoursel' ye're better,
But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
Let's sing about our noble sel's ;
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To help or roose us,
But browster wives an' whisky-stills,
They are the Muses.

THE POEMS OF

Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it,
An', if ye mak objections at it,
Then han' in nieve some day we 'll khot it,
An' witness take,
An' when wi' usquabae we've wat it
It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spared
Till kye be gaun without the herd,
An' a' the vittell in the yard,
An' theekit right,
I mean your ingle-side to guard
Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aquavitæ
Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty,
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,
An' be as canty
As ye were nine year less than thretty,
Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast,
An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
Then I maun rin amang the rest
An' quat my chanter ;
Sae I subscribe myself, in haste,
Yours, RAB THE RANter.

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON, OCHILTREE.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie satire, sidelins sklentend
 On my poor Musie;
Though in sic phrasin' terms ye've penned it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfiel',
 The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
 A deathless name.

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
 Ye Enbrugh gentry!
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stowed his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whyles they're like to be my dead,
 (Oh, sad disease!)

I kittle up my rustic reed;
 It gies me ease.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
 But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel-sung praise.

THE POEMS OF

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
 To set her name in measured style ;
 She lay like some unkennd-of isle
 Beside New Holland,
 Or whare wild meeting oceans boil
 Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
 Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon ;
 Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
 Owre Scotland rings,
 While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
 Naebody sings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line ;
 But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
 An' cock your crest,
 We 'll gar our streams and burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We 'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
 Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
 Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
 Frae Southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace' side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
 Or glorious dyed.

Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
 Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
 With wailfu' cry!

E'en winter bleak has charms to me,
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
 Are hoary grey;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
 Darkening the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
 Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms
 The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
 An' no think lang;
Oh, sweet to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heartfelt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, and strive,
Let me fair Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum owre their treasure

THE POEMS OF

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composing brither !'
 We've been owre lang unkennd to ither :
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal :
 May Envy wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal !

While highlandmen hate toils and taxes ;
 While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies ;
 While terra firma, on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory 's no worth a preen ;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this ' New Light,'
 'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been •
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
 Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
 Gaed past their viewing,
 And shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

This past for certain undisputed ;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang ;
An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, well learned upo' the beuk,
Wad treap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
For 'twas the auld moon turned a neuk ;
 An' out o' sight,
An' backlins comin', to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was denied, it was affirmed ;
The herds an' hissels were alarmed ;
The reverend grey-beards raved an' stormed,
 That beardless laddies
Should think they better were informed
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks ;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks
 Wi' hearty crunt ;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
 Were hanged and brunt.

This game was played in monie lands,
And Auld-Light caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluidy pranks.

THE POEMS OF

But New-Light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruined stick-an-stowe,
Till now amaisht on every knowe
Ye'll find ane placed;
An' some their New-Light fair avow
Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are bleatin';
Their zealous herds are vexed an' sweatin';
Mysel', I've even seen them greetin'
Wi' girnin' spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some Auld-Light herds in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight,
An' stay a month amang the moons,
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the auld moon's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the New-Light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter';
But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin' !
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
Your dreams an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin'
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou :
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants
Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
That holy robe, oh, dinna tear it !
Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black !
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing;
It's just the blue-gown badge an' claithing
O' saunts: tak that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargained for an' mair ;
Sae when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon sang, ye 'll sen't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

THE POEMS OF

Though, faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing:
I've played mysel' a bonnie spring,
 An' danced my fill;
I'd better gaen an' saired the king
 At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a pairtrick to the grun,
 A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for't;
 But, deil ma care!
Somebody tells the poacher court
 The hale affair.

Some auld used hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorned to lie;
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the fee,

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my powther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
 I vow an' swear!
The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale
 For this niest year.

As soon's the clockin' time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,

Lord, I'se hae sportin' by-an'-by
 For my gowd guinea :
 Though I should herd the buckskin kye
 For 't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame,
 Scarce through the feathers ;
 An' baith a yellow George to claim,
 And thole their blethers !

It pits me aye as mad's a hare ;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
 But pennyworths again is fair,
 When time's expedient :
 Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
 Yours most obedient.

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH.*

WHILE at the stook the shearers cower
 To shun the bitter blaudin' shower,
 Or in gulravage rinnin' scower
 To pass the time,
 To you I dedicate the hour
 In idle rhyme.

My Musie, tired wi' mony a sonnet
 On gown, an' ban', an' douce black bonnet,
 Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
 Lest they should blame her,
 An' rouse their holy thunder on it
 And anathem her.

* One of the Presbyterian clergy who preached against the 'Auld-Light' doctrines.

THE POEMS OF

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
 That I, a simple, country bardie,
 Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
 Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
 Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gawn, misca't waur than a beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than mony scores as guid's the priest
 Wha sae abus't him.
 An' may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word an' deed,
 An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
 By worthless skellums,
 An' not a muse erect her head
 To cove the bellums?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
 To gie the rascals their deserts!
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 An' tell aloud
 Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows I'm no the thing I should be,
 Nor am I even the thing I could be,

But twenty times, I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be
 Just for a screen.

An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause
 He'll still disdain,
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some we ken.

They tak religion in their mouth ;
They talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
For what?—to gie their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
 To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion ! maid divine !
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who, in her rough, imperfect line
 Thus daurs to name thee ;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blotch't an foul wi' mony a stain,
An' far unworthy of thy train,
With trembling voice I tune my strain,
 To join with those
Who boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes :

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
In spite o' undermining jobs,
In spite o' dark banditti stabs
 At worth an' merit,

THE POEMS OF

By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes
But hellish spirit.

O Ayr! my dear, my native ground,
Within thy presbyterial bound,
A candid liberal band is found
Of public teachers,
As men, as Christians too, renowned,
An' manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are named;
Sir, in that circle you are famed;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blamed,
(Which gies you honour,)
E'en, sir, by them your heart's esteemed,
An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
An' if impertinent I've been,
Impute it not, good sir, in aye
Whase heart ne'er wranged ye,
But to his utmost would befriend
Ought that belanged t'ye.

TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS ON THE
SCRIPTURES.

O GOUDIE! terror of the Whigs,
Dread of black coats and reverend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin', looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;



Fie! bring Black Jock, her state physician,
To see her water :
Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple ;
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death ;
See, how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath !

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption ;
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her.
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor are the chief
Wha are to blame for this mischief,
But gin the Lord's ain folks gat leave,
A toom tar-barrel,
An' twa red peats wad send relief,
An' end the quarrel.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON,
RECOMMENDING A BOY.

I HOLD it, sir, my bounded duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
Was here to hire yon lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
And wad hae done 't aff han' ;
But lest he learn the callan tricks,
As, faith, I muckle doubt him,

THE POEMS OF

Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
And tellin' lies about them :
As lieve then, I'd have then,
Your clerkship he should sair,
If sae be, ye may be
Not fitted other where.

Although I say't, he's gleg enough,
And 'bout a house that's rude and rough,
The boy might learn to swear ;
But then wi' you he'll be sae taught,
And get sic fair example straught,
I haena ony fear.

Ye'll catechise him very quirk,
And shore him weel wi' hell ;
And gar him follow to the kirk—
Aye when ye gang yoursel'.
If ye then, maun be then
Frae hame this comin' Friday ;
Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gi'en,
In Paisley John's that night at e'en,
To meet the warld's worm ;
To try to get the twa to gree,
And name the airles and the fee,
In legal mode and form :
I ken he weel a sneck can draw,
When simple bodies let him ;
And if a devil be at a',
In faith he's sure to get him.

To phrase you, and praise you,
Ye ken your laureate scorns :
The prayer still you share still,
Of grateful Minstrel BURNS.

INVITATION TO JOHN KENNEDY,
WITH A COPY OF 'THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.'

Now Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corse,
Lord, man, there 's lasses there wad force
 A hermit's fancy;
And down the gate, in faith they're worse,
 And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
Till some bit callant bring me news
 That you are there!
And if we dinna haud a bouze
 I 'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no I like to sit and swallow,
Then like a swine to puke and wallow;
But gie me just a true good fellow,
 Wi' right ingine,
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow,
 And then we 'll shine.

Now, if ye're ane o' warld's folk,
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
And sklent on poverty their joke,
 Wi' bitter sneer,
Wi' you no friendship will I troke
 Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
Ye hate, as ill 's the very Deil,
The flinty heart that canna feel—
 Come, sir, here 's tae you!
Hae, there's my haun, I wish you weel,
 And guid be wi' you.

TO ANDREW AIKEN.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where every nerve is strained.

I'll no say men are villains a';
The real, hardened wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricted:
But och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet nae hae cash to spare him.



Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through every other man,
Wi' sharpened, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulgé it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it:
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing:
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

THE POEMS OF

The Great Creator to revere,
 Must sure become the creature ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And e'en the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a random sting,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driven,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven
 Is sure a noble anchor !

Adieu, dear amiable youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting :
 May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In ploughman phrase, ' God send you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser !
 And may you better reck the rede,
 Than ever did th' adviser !

TO JAMES SMITH.

DEAR Smith, the sleest, paukie thief,
 That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
 Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
 Owre human hearts ;
 For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
 Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
 And every star that blinks aboon,
 Ye've cost me twenty pair of shoon
 Just gaun to see you ;
 And every ither pair that's done,
 Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
 To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
 She's turned you aff, a human creature
 On her first plan ;
 And in her freaks, on every feature
 She's wrote, ' The Man.'

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
 My barmie noddle's working prime,
 My fancy yerkit up sublime
 Wi' hasty summon :
 Hae ye a leisure moment's time
 To hear what's comin' ?

Some rhyme a neibor's name to lash ;
 Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ;
 Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
 An' raise a din ;
 For me, an aim I never fash ;
 I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
 Has fated me the russet coat,
 An' damned my fortune to the groat ;
 But, in requit,
 Has blest me wi' a random shot
 O' countra wit.

THE POEMS OF

This while my notion 's ta'en a sklent,
To try my fate in guid black prent ;
But still, the mair I 'm that way bent,
 Something cries, ' Hoolie !
I rede you, honest man, tak tent !
 Ye 'll shaw your folly.

' There 's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had ensured their debtors,
 A' future ages ;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
 Their unknown pages.'

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows !
Henceforth I 'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

I 'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ;
 Then, all unknown,
I 'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

But why o' death begin a tale ?
Just now we 're living, sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave care owre side !
And large, before enjoyment's gale,
 Let 's tak the tide.



This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand, then, let us wield ;
For, ance that five-an-forty's speeled,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hoastin', hirplin', owre the field,
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin' ;
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
An' social noise ;
An' fareweel, dear deluding woman,
The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-passing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves ;
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

THE POEMS OF

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
For which they never toiled nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
 But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
 With high disdain.

With steady aim some Fortune chase;
Keen hope does every sinew brace;
Through fair, through foul, they urge the race,
 And seize the prey;
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
 They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';
To right or left eternal swervin',
 They zig-zag on;
'Till curst with age, obscure and starvin',
 They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning?
 E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining
 Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye Powers!' and warm implore,
'Though I should wander Terra o'er,
 In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
 A rowth o' rhymes.

'Gie dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 Till icicles hing frae their beards;
 Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards
 And maids of honour;
 And yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
 Until they sconner.

'A title, Dempster merits it;
 A garter gie to Willie Pitt;
 Gie wealth to some-be-ledgered cit,
 In cent. per cent. ;
 But gie me real, sterling wit,
 And I 'm content.

'While ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
 Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
 Wi' cheerful face,
 As lang 's the Muses dinna fail
 To say the grace.'

An anxious ee I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose;
 I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
 As weel 's I may;
 Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
 I rhyme away.

Oh, ye douce folk, that live by rule,
 Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
 Compared wi' you—oh, fool! fool! fool!
 How much unlike!
 Your hearts are just a standing pool,
 Your lives a dyke!

THE POEMS OF

Nae hair-brained, sentimental traces,
 In your unlettered, nameless faces ;
 In *arioso* trills and graces

Ye never stray,

But, *gravissimo*, solemn basses

Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise ;
 Nae ferly though ye do despise
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rattling squad :

I see you upward cast your eyes—

Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—

Wi' you I'll scarce gang onywhere :

Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,

But quit my sang,

Content wi' you to mak a pair,

Whare'er I gang.

TO MR. M'ADAM, OF CRAIGENGILLAN,

ON RECEIVING AN OBLIGING LETTER.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,

I trow it made me proud ;

'See wha taks notice o' the bard !'

I lap and cry fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,

The senseless, gawky million ;

I'll cock my nose aboon them a'—

I'm roosed by Craigengillan !

'Twas noble, sir, 'twas like yoursel',

To grant your high protection :

A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,

Is aye a blest infection.

Though by his banes wha in a tub
Matched Macedonian Sandy!
On my ain legs, through dirt and dub,
I independent stand aye.

And when those legs to guid warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me;
A lee dike-side, a sybow tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
O' mony flowery simmers!
And bless your bonny lasses baith—
I'm tauld they're lo'esome kimmers!

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
The blossom of our gentry!
And may he wear an auld man's beard,
A credit to his country!

TO MAJOR LOGAN.

HAIL, thairm inspirin', rattlin' Willie!
Though Fortune's road be rough and hilly,
To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
We never heed,
But tak it like the unbacked filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whiles we saunter,
Yirr, Fancy barks, awa' we canter,
Up^h hill, down brae, till some mischanter,
Some black-bog-hole,
Arrests us, then the scaith and banter
We're forced to thole.

THE POEMS OF

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
 O' this wild warl',
Until you on a cummock driddle
 A grey-haired carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Heaven send your heart-strings aye in tune,
And screw your temper-pins aboon,
 A fifth or mair,
The melancholious, lazy croon
 O' cankrie care!

May still your life from day to day
Nae *lente largo* in the play,
But *allegretto forte* gay
 Harmonious flow:
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
 Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
And never think o' right and wrang
 By square and rule,
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
 Are wise or fool!

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—
 Their tuneless hearts!
May fireside discords jar a bass
 To a' their parts!

But come, your hand, my careless brither—
 I' the ither warl', if there's anither—
 And that there is I've little swither
 About the matter—
 We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
 I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
 We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
 Eve's bonny squad, priests wyte them sheerly,
 For our grand fa':
 But still—but still—I like them dearly—
 God bless them a'!

Ochon! for poor Castalian drinkers,
 When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
 The witching, cursed, delicious blinkers
 Hae put me hyte,
 And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
 Wi' girm'n' spite.

But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin'—
 And every star within my hearin'!
 And by her een wha was a dear ane!
 I'll ne'er forget;
 I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
 In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
 I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,
 Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
 Some cantrip hour,
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
 Then, *Vive l'amour!*

Faites mes baisemains respectueuses
 To sentimental sister Susie,

THE POEMS OF

And honest Lucky; no to roose ye,
 Ye may be proud,
 That sic a couple Fate allows ye
 To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
 And trouth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
 Be't light, be't dark,
 Sir Bard will do himsel' the pleasure
 To call at Park.

TO MRS. SCOTT, THE GUIDWIFE OF
WAUCHOPE HOUSE.

I MIND it weel, in early date,
 When I was beardless, young, and blate,
 And first could thrash the barn,
 Or haud a yokin' at the pleugh;
 And though forfoughten sair eneugh,
 Yet unco proud to learn:
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckoned was,
 And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 Still shearing, and clearing,
 The tither stookèd raw,
 Wi' claivers and haivers
 Wearing the day awa'.

Even then a wish (I mind its power),
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast—
 That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
 Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.

The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear:
No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang,
In formless jumble, right and wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that hairst I said before,
My partner in the merry core,
She roused the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een,
That gart my heart-strings tingle.
I firèd, inspirèd,
At every kindling keek,
But bashing, and dashing,
I fearèd aye to speak.

Health to the sex! ilk guid chiel says,
Wi' merry dance in winter days,
And we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heaven below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither;
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.

THE POEMS OF

Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line:
The marlèd plaid ye kindly spare
By me should gratefully be ware;
'Twad please me to the nine.
I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hingin' owre my curple,
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.
Fareweel, then, lang heal, then,
And plenty be your fa';
May losses and crosses
Ne'er at your hallan ca'!

TO WILLIAM CREECH.*

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel-burnisht crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie's awa'!

Oh, Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight;
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight
An' trig an' braw:
But now they'll busk her like a fright,
Willie's awa'!

* Publisher in Edinburgh.

The stiffest o' them a' he bowed ;
The bauldest o' them a' he cowed ;
They durst nae mair than he allowed,
That was a law :
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,—
Willie's awa'!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw ;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie's awa'!

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour :
He was a dictionar' and grammar
Amang them a' ;
I fear they 'll now mak mony a stammer,
Willie's awa'!

Nae mair we see his levée door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw !
The adjutant o' a' the core,
Willie's awa'!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace ;
Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
As Rome ne'er saw ;
They a' maun meet some ither place,
Willie's awa'!

THE POEMS OF

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
He cheeps like some bewildered chicken,
Scared frae its minnie and the cleckin'
By hoodie-craw;
Grief's gi'en his heart an unco kickin',—
Willie's awa'!

Now every sour-mou'd girnin' blellum,
And Calvin's fock, are fit to fell him;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
Willie's awa'!

Up wimplin', stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled,—
Willie's awa'!

May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Though far awa'!

May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the blessèd New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa!

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
 I kenned it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to :
 Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye 'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south !
 And never drink be near his drouth,
 He tald myself, by word o' mouth,
 He 'd tak my letter
 I lippened to the chiel in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one,
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study ;
 And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier ?
 I'm turned a gauger—Peace be here !
 Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear
 Ye 'll now disdain me,
 And then my fifty pounds a year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
 Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

THE POEMS OF

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They mann hae brose and brats o' duddies ;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
I need na vaunt,
But I 'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

Lord help me through this warld o' care !
I 'm weary sick o' t late and air !
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers ;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers ?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man !
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair ;
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I 'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time)
To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That 's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie ;
And eke the same to honest Luckie,
I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
As e'er tread clay !
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
I 'm yours for aye.

TO JAMES TAIT, OF GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
How do ye this blae eastlin win',
That's like to blaw a body blin'?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'.
I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on!
Reid, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Smith, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tired,
An' in the depth of science mired,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives an' wabsters see and feel.
But, hark ye, frien'! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
For now I'm grown sae cursèd douce,
I pray an' ponder but the house;
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston;
Till by-an'-by, if I haud on,
I'll grunt a real gospel-groan:
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Fluttering an' gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men:

THE POEMS OF

When bending down wi' auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May he who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him !
His worthy family, far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear !

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason Billie,
An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy ;
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither !
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An', Lord, remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.

An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
An' her kind stars hae airted till her
A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet ;
Tell them, frae me, wi' chieles be cautious,
For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious ;
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil !
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
May guardian angels tak a spell,
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell :
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get monie a merry story,
Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
And aye eneugh o' needfu' clink.



Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you!
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest man:
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
 Yours, saint or sinner,—ROB THE RANTER.

EPISTLES TO R. GRAHAM, OF FINTRY.*

First.

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece designed,
 And framed her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She formed of various parts the various man.
 Then first she calls the useful many forth;
 Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
 Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many-aproned kinds.
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net;
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow:
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines:
 Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls.

The ordered system fair before her stood,
 Nature, well pleased, pronounced it very good;

* A Commissioner of Excise and one of Burns's truest friends.

But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
With arch alacrity and conscious glee
(Nature may have her whim as well as we,
Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
She forms the thing, and christens it—a poet ;
Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow ;
A being formed t' amuse his graver friends,
Admired and praised—and there the homage ends.

A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ;
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk ;
She laughed at first, then felt for her poor work.
Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
She cast about a standard tree to find ;
And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
Attached him to the generous truly great,—
A title, and the only one I claim,
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main !
Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
That never gives—though humbly takes enough ;
The little Fate allows, they share as soon,
Unlike sage, proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon.



The world were blest did bliss on them depend,—
Ah, that 'the friendly e'er should want a friend !'
Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule,
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
Who make poor 'will do' wait upon 'I should'—
We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?
Ye'wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
God's image rudely etched on base alloy !
But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,
Heaven's attribute distinguished—to bestow !
Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
Come, thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ;
Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes !
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
Why shrinks my soul, half blushing, half afraid,
Backward, abashed to ask thy friendly aid ?
I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;
But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—
Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit !
Seek not the proofs in private life to find ;
Pity the best of words should be but wind !
So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,
They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
They persecute you all your future days !
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,

My horny fist assume the plough again;
 The piebald jacket let me patch once more;
 On eighteen-pence a week I've lived before.
 Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift!
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
 That, placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
 Where, man and Nature fairer in her sight,
 My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

Second.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE ELECTION BETWEEN SIR
 JAMES JOHNSTONE AND CAPTAIN MILLER.

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
 Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
 Are ye as idle's I am?
 Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
 O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig* bears,
 Wha left the all-important cares
 Of princes and their darlins;
 And, bent on winning borough touns,
 Came shaking hands wi' wabster louns,
 And kissing barefit carlins.

Combustion through our boroughs rode,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
 Of mad, unmuzzled lions;
 As Queensberry 'buff and blue' unfurled,
 And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled
 To every Whig defiance.

* The Duke of Queensberry.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
 Th' unmannered dust might soil his star;
 Besides, he hated bleeding:
 But left behind him heroes bright,
 Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
 Or Ciceronian pleading.

O for a throat like huge Mons Meg,
 To muster o'er each ardent Whig
 Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;
 Heroes and heroines commix,
 All in the field of politics,
 To win immortal honours.

M'Murdo and his lovely spouse,
 (The enamoured laurels kiss her brows!)
 Led on the loves and graces:
 She won each gaping burgess' heart,
 While he, all-conquering, played his part
 Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-armed corps;
 Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
 Like Hecla streaming thunder:
 Glenriddel, skilled in rusty coins,
 Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
 And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
 Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
 The wildest savage Tory:
 And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinched his ground,
 High-waved his magnum-bonum round
 With Cyclopean fury.

THE POEMS OF

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation !
While Maxwellton, that baron bold,
Mid Lawson's port entrenched his hold,
And threatened worse damnation.

To these, what Tory hosts opposed ;
With these, what Tory warriors closed,
Surpasses my describing :
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rushed to the charge,
Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate
Amid this mighty tulzie !
Grim Horror grinned—pale Terror roared,
As Murther at his thrapple shored,
And Hell mixed in the brulzie !

As highland crags by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurled down wi' crashing rattle :
As flames amang a hundred woods :
As headlong foam a hundred floods :
Such is the rage of battle !

The stubborn Tories dare to die ;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers :
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.



Lo! from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
 And think on former daring :
The muffled murderer of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
 All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Grahame,
 Auld Covenanters shiver.
(Forgive, forgive, much-wronged Montrose!
While death and hell engulf thy foes,
 Thou liv'st on high for ever!)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns ;
 But Fate the word has spoken ;
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas ! can do but what they can—
 The Tory ranks are broken !

O that my een were flowing burns !
My voice a lioness that mourns
 Her darling cubs' undoing !
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
 And furious Whigs pursuing !

What Whig but wails the good Sir James?
Dear to his country by the names
 Friend, patron, benefactor !
Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
And Hopeton falls, the generous brave !
 And Stewart, bold as Hector.

THE POEMS OF

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow ;
 And Thurlow growl a curse of woe :
 And Melville melt in wailing !
 Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice !
 And Burke shall sing, ' O Prince, arise !
 Thy power is all prevailing .'

For your poor friend, the bard, afar
 He hears, and only hears, the war,
 A cool spectator purely :
 So, when the storm the forest rends,
 The robin in the hedge descends,
 And sober chirps securely.

Thirty.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg :
 Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest ;)
 Will generous Graham list to his poet's wail ?
 (It soothes poor misery, heark'ning to her tale,)
 And hear him curse the light he first surveyed,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade ?
 Thou, Nature ! partial Nature ! I arraign ;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground :
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell ;
 Thy minions kings defend, control, devour,
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power ;
 Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure ;
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure ;
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug ;

E'en silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
But, oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the bard!
A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still;
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun:
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur;—
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from every side:
Vampyre-booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics!—appalled I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in th' unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on through life;
Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspired,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, e'en resentment, for his injured page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage.

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast,

By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.
Oh, Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder 'some folks' do not starve,
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that 'fools are Fortune's care.'
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' madcap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one stronghold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer!—
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;



Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

Fourth.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver, you.
Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all the other sparkling stars of night;
If aught that giver from my mind efface;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace,
Then roll to me along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years! ~

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

In this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles;
A land that prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't through it:
Here, ambushed by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk,
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhuskèd by a fog infernal:
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters;
For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence;

THE POEMS OF

Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
 Wi' nae kened face but Jenny Geddes.
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride !
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
 And aye a westlin leuk she throws,
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose !
 Was it for this, wi' canny care,
 Thou bure the bard through many a shire ?
 At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
 And late or early never grumbled ?
 Oh, had I power like inclination,
 I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
 To canter with the Sagitarre,
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar ;
 Or turn the pole like any arrow ;
 Or, when auld Phoebus bids good morrow,
 Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And cast dirt on his godship's face ;
 For I could lay my bread and kail
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.—
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
 And nought but peat-reek i' my head,
 How can I write what ye can read ?—
 Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune ;
 But till we meet and weet our whistle,
 Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.*

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
 Where infamy with sad repentance dwells ;
 Where turnkeys make the jealous mortal fast,

* Esopus was Williamson the actor : Maria, Mrs. Riddel.

And deal from iron hands the spare repast ;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more ;
Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string :
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

'Alas ! I feel I am no actor here !'
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear !
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale ;
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy polled,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ;
Or haughty chieftain, mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms ;
Whilst sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet ! once my proudest dress
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war ;
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze ;
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines ;
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head ;
Comes, mid a string of coxcombs, to display

That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way;
 The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
 And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks :
 Though there, his heresies in church and state
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :
 Still she, undaunted, reels and rattles on,
 And dares the public like a noontide sun.
 (What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
 Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom when
 He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen,
 And pours his vengeance in the burning line ;
 Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine—
 The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
 And even th' abuse of poesy abused?
 Who called her verse a parish workhouse, made
 For motley, foundling fancies, stol'n or strayed?)

A workhouse! ha, that sound awakes my woes,
 And pillows on the thorn my racked repose!
 In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
 And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep!
 That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
 And vermined gipsies littered heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,
 Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
 Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
 And make a vast monopoly of hell?
 Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
 The vices also, must they club their curse?
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
 Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares ;
 In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.

As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
 Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls?
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
 Who says, that fool alone is not thy due,
 And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
 Our force united, on thy foes we'll turn,
 And dare the war with all of woman born:
 For who can write and speak as thou and I?
 My periods that decyphering defy,
 And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON.

EXPECT na, sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin, fletherin dedication,
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
 Because ye're surnamed like his Grace;
 Perhaps related to the race;
 Then when I'm tired—and sae are ye,
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
 For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, I can plough:
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatterin',
 It's just sic poet, an' sic patron.

The poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him!

THE POEMS OF

He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The patron (sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me),
On ev'ry hand it will allowed be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want,
What's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it;
Aught he can lend he'll no refuse 't,
Till aft his guidness is abusèd;
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
E'en that, he does na mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.
But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works
'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no through terror of damnation;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
Abuse a brother to his back ;
Steal through a winnock frae a whore,
But point the rake that taks the door :
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane ;
Ply every art o' legal thieving ;
No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces ;
Grunst up a solemn, lengthened groan,
And damn a' parties but your own ;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of Calvin,
For gumblye dubs of your ain delvin' !
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath ;
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heaven commission gies him :
While o'er the harp pale Mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !
Your pardon, sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my dedication ;
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, sir, to you :

THE POEMS OF

Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel'.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, ever pray,
But that's a word I need na say :
For prayin' I hae little skill o't ;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
But I 'se repeat each poor man's prayer,
That kens or hears about you, sir—

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark
Howl through the dwelling o' the Clerk !
May ne'er his generous, honest heart,
For that same generous spirit smart !
May Kennedy's far-honoured name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
Five bonnie lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout and able
To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days ;
Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion :
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Powers above prevent!)
 That iron-hearted carl, Want,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your humble servant then no more;
 For who would humbly serve the poor!
 But by a poor man's hopes in heaven!
 While recollection's power is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
 I, through the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognise my master dear,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, sir, your hand—my friend and brother!

SKETCH.

TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite;
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;
 How genius, the illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
 I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle!

But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite righ'

A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good Lord, what is man? for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil;
And in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like the old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its
neighbours;

Mankind are his show-box,—a friend, would you know
him?

Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular truth should have missed him;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in the
wind,

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature called man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign to peruse;
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels?
My much-honoured patron, believe your poor poet,
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it,

In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
 He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;
 Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
 He'd up the back stairs, and, by God, he would steal 'em!
 Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em,
 It is not outdo him, the task is out-thieve him!

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
 Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
 The bitter little that of life remains:
 No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
 To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest—
 No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
 The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
 I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
 And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

DELIA.

FAIR the face of orient day,
 Fair the tints of opening rose;
 But fairer still my Delia dawns,
 More lovely far her beauty blows.

THE POEMS OF

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
 Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
 But, Delia, more delightful still,
 Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamoured busy bee
 The rosy banquet loves to sip;
 Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
 To the sun-browned Arab's lip.

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
 Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss!
 For, oh! my soul is parched with love!

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS
 THROUGH SCOTLAND,

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it:
 A chiel's amang you, taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
 And wow! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin',
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,

Wi' deils, they say, Lord save 's! colleaguin',
At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
Ye gipsy gang that deal in glamour,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches,
Ye 'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle blade,
And dogskin wallet,
And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they ca' it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguishèd the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he 'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philabeg:
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He 'll pròve you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gully.

THE POEMS OF

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him;
 And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye 'll see him!

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose!
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

LINES WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,

ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

KEN ye aught o' Captain Grose?
 Igo and ago,
 If he's amang his friends or foes?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north?
 Igo and ago,
 Or drownèd in the river Forth?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
 Igo and ago,
 And eaten like a wether-haggis?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane?
 Igo and ago,
 Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him !
Igo and ago,
As for the Deil, he daurna steer him !
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation !
Iram, coram, dago.

VERSES TO MY BED.

THOU Bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature—man !
And when again the fates decree
The place where I must cease to be ;
When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
To soothe my pain, or close mine eye :
When cares surround me, where I weep,
Or lose them all in balmy sleep ;
When sore with labour, whom I court,
And to thy downy breast resort ;
Where, too, ecstatic joys I find,
When deigns my Delia to be kind—
And full of love, in all her charms,
Thou giv'st the fair one to my arms.

THE POEMS OF

The centre thou, where grief and pain,
 Disease and rest, alternate reign.
 Oh, since within thy little space
 So many various scenes take place ;
 Lessons as useful shalt thou teach,
 As sages dictate—churchmen preach ;
 And man, convinced by thee alone,
 This great important truth shall own :—
 That thin partitions do divide
 The bounds where good and ill reside ;
 That nought is perfect here below ;
 But bliss still bord'ring upon woe.

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON,

A BAY MARE OF MR. W. NICOL'S.

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare
 As ever trod on airn ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And rode through thick and thin ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And wanting e'en the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And ance she bore a priest ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And the priest he rode her sair ;
 And much oppressed and bruised she was,
 As priest-rid cattle are.



LINES

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER,
AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND sir, I've read your paper through,
And, faith, to me 'twas really new!
How guessed ye, sir, what maist I wanted?
This mony a day I've graned and gaunted
To ken what French mischief was brewin',
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the cellieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
If Denmark, anybody spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin';
If Spaniards, Portuguese, or Swiss
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss;
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court, kept up the game;
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How Daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
How oesses, stents, and fees were raxed,
Or if bare a——s yet were taxed;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpeners, bawds, and opera girls;

If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails;
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And no a perfect kintra cooser.
 A' this and mair I never heard of;
 And but for you I might despaired of.
 So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray, a' guid things may attend you!

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMME-
 DIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie
 Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,
 O'er hurcheon hides,
 And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn!
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel', shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled!

Ye hills! near neibors o' the starns,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing years,
 Where Echo slumbers!
 Come, join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens !
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
 Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae lin to lin !

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea ;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
 In scented bowers ;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
 I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin through the glade,
 Come, join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;
Ye curlews calling through a clud ;
 Ye whistling plover ;
And mourn, ye whirring pattrick brood !
 He 's gane for ever.

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake ;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake.

THE POEMS OF

Mourn, clam'ring craiks, at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
 Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
 For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
 The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light !
Mourn, empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn !
For through your orbs he 's ta'en his flight,
 Ne'er to return.

O Henderson ! the man—the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound ?
Like thee, where shall I find another
 The world around !

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger !—my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man ;
I tell nae common tale o' grief—
 For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurned at Fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast—
 For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart—
 For Matthew was a brave man.

THE POEMS OF

If thou on men, their works and ways,
 Canst throw uncommon light, man,
 Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—
 For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
 Wad life itself resign, man,
 The sympathetic tear maun fa'—
 For Matthew was a kin' man!

If thou art staunch without a stain,
 Like the unchanging blue, man,
 This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
 For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
 And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,
 This was thy billie, dam, and sire—
 For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin' sot,
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
 May dool and sorrow be his lot!—
 For Matthew was a rare man.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD, OF
 AUCHINCUIVE.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation! mark
 Who in widow-weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonoured years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHE.

View the withered beldam's face—
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Unity's sweet melting grace?

Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretched to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo! there she goes—unpitied and unblest!
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends.)
Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doomed to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

Are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
Oh, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driven!
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heaven.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY
DISTRESS.

SWEET Floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

THE POEMS OF

November hirkles o'er the lea,
Chill on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May he who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving shower,
The bitter frost and snaw!

May he, the Friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourished, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn;
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unsheltered and forlorn:

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscathed by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land!

ELEGY ON MISS BURNET, OF MONBODDO.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumphed in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplished Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.



In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore ;
Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes, immixed with reedy fens ;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored ;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail ?
And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres ;
But, like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care !
So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree ;
So from it ravished, leaves it bleak and bare.

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, OF GLENRIDDEL.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more !
Nor pour your descant, grating on my soul :
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.
How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes ?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend !
How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where Riddel
lies !

THE POEMS OF

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!
 And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier:
 The man of worth, who has not left his peer,
 Is in his narrow house, for ever darkly low.
 Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
 Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserved!
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerved
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerved
 'Mang heaps o' clavers!
 And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starved,
 Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud the trump's heroic clang,
 And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage;
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang,
 But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
 Æschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, till him rives
 Horatian fame;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 E'en Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
 They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
 O' heathen tatters:
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace ;
 And, wi' the far-famed Grecian, share
 A rival place ?

Yes ! there is ane ; a Scottish callan !
 There's ane : come forrit, honest Allan !
 Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever ;
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,
 But thou's for ever.

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;
 Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
 Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes :
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel' ;
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell ;
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love,
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.

Poor man, the fly, aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen!

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

THE POEMS OF

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' mousing eerie din,
 About the lit city start and stir,
 Like fortune's howlers, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
 And by the moonbeam, shook to see
 A stern and stalwart ghost arise,
 Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin' look had daunted me;
 And on his bonnet graved was plain,
 The sacred posie—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;
 But oh, it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy the former day,
 He weeping wailed his latter times,
 But what he said it was nae play,
 I winna venture't in my rhymes.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil?
 Or great Mackinlay thrawn his heel?
 Or Robinson again grown weel,
 To preach and read?
 'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
 'Tam Samson 's dead!'

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,
And sigh, and sob, and greet her lane,
And cleed her bairns, man, wife, and wean,
 In mourning weed;
To Death she's dearly paid the kane—
 Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren o' the mystic level
May hing their head in waefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel
 Like ony bead;
Death's gi'en the lodge an unco devel—
 Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire up like a rock;
When to the lochs the curlers flock
 Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock?—
 Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore;
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
 In time o' need;
But now he lags on Death's hog-score—
 Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately salmon sail,
And trouts be-dropped wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kened for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
 Tam Samson dead!

THE POEMS OF

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie moorcocks, crouselly craw;
Ye mawkins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa'—
 Tam Samson's dead!

That waefu' morn be ever mourned
Saw him in shootin' graith adorned,
While pointers round impatient burned,
 Frae couples freed;
But, och! he gaed and ne'er returned!
 Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ankles fetters;
In vain the burns came down like waters,
 An acre braid!
Now every auld wife, greetin', clatters,
 Tam Samson's dead!

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
And aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reeled his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aimed heed;
'Lord, five!' he cried, and owre did stagger—
 Tam Samson's dead!



Ilk hoary hunter mourned a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoaned a father:
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
Whare Burns ~~has~~ wrote, in rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson's dead!

There low he lies in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mouldering breast
Some spitefu' moorfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch and breed;
Alas! nae mair he 'll them molest!
 Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his memory crave,—
 O' pouter and lead,
Till Echo answer, frae her cave,—
 Tam Samson's dead!

Heaven rest his saul, whare'er he be!
Is the wish o' mony mae than me;
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we—
 Tam Samson's dead?

EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots, spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye 'll mend or ye win near him.

When Burns repeated this poem to Tam, he said, 'I'm no dead yet, Robin, I'm worth ten dead fowk. Wherefore should ye say that I am dead?' Burns withdrew to a window, and in a minute or two added the following :

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, and canter like a filly,
Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie,
Tell every social, honest billie
To cease his grievin',
For yet, unskaited by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's leevin'!

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

Oh, sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever;
For ever—oh, no! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,
Ere the Spoiler had nipt thee in blossom;
When thou shrunk from the scowl of the loud winter
storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh, still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled
breath,
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Where suff'ring no longer can harm ye,
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the
 blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
And sigh for his life's latest morrow.

REMORSE.

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison the worst are those
That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—'It was no deed of mine ;'
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added—'Blame thy foolish self !'
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse ;
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involvèd others ;
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,
Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin !
O burning hell ! in all thy store of torments
There's not a keener lash !
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs,
And, after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace ?
O happy, happy, enviable man !
O glorious magnanimity of soul !

LIBERTY.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes ;
Where is that soul of freedom fled ?
Immingled with the mighty dead,
Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace lies !
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death !
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep ;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.

Is this the power in freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage ?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing :
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring !
One quenched in darkness, like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

BRUCE.

HIS royal visage seamed with many a scar,
That Caledonian reared his martial form,
Who led the tyrant-quelling war,
Where Bannockburn's ensanguined flood
Swelled with mingling hostile blood,
Soon Edward's myriads struck with deep dismay,
And Scotia's troop of brothers win their way.
(Oh, glorious deed to bay a tyrant's band !
Oh, heavenly joy to free our native land !)
While high their mighty chief poured on the doubling
storm.



VERSES

TO MISS GRAHAM, OF FINTRY, WITH A PRESENT OF
SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined,
Accept the gift, though humble he who gives;
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among!
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song!

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW THE EARL OF
GLENCAIRN'S PICTURE.

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow?
And whose that eye of fire?
And whose that generous, princely mien
E'en rooted foes admire?

Stranger, to justly show that brow,
And mark that eye of fire,
Would take his hand, whose vernal tints
His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
With stately port he moves;
His guardian seraph eyes with awe
The noble ward he loves.

THE POEMS OF

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
That chief thou mayst discern ;
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye—
It dwells upon Glencairn !

LINES

SENT TO MR. RIDDEL, WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way
The fumes of wine infuriate send,
(Not moony madness more astray,)
Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part ;
Ah ! why should I such scenes outlive !
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON
THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the wearied wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;

The mavis mild, wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care not thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae :
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there :
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
A never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae :
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying ee.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine ;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign
That ne'er wad blink on mine !

THE POEMS OF

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend
Remember him for me !

O ! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave !

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF
GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Looked on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream :
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewailed his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He leaned him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears !
And as he touched his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting through their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.



'Ye scattered birds that faintly sing,
The relics of the vernal quire !
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the agèd year !
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye 'll charm the ear and ee ;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

'I am a bending, agèd tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain ;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane :
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

'I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown ;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown :
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

'And last, (the sum of a' my griefs !)
My noble master lies in clay ;
The flower amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay :
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my agèd ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

THE POEMS OF

'Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

'In poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involved me round
Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.

'Oh, why has worth so short a date?
While villains ripen grey with time!
Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
Oh, had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

'The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, OF WHITEFOORD,
WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The friend thou valuedst, I the patron loved;
His worth, his honour, all the world approved:
We'll mourn till we, too, go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

TO THE MEMORY OF PRINCE CHARLES
EDWARD STUART.

FALSE flatterer, Hope, away!
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore;
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day
To prove our loyal truth; we can no more;
And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive low adore.

Ye honoured mighty dead!
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your king, your country, and her laws!
From great Dundee, who smiling Victory led,
And fell a martyr in her arms
(What breast of northern ice but warms?)
To bold Balmerino's undying name,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes

Nor unavenged your fate shall be,
 It only lags the fatal hour;
 Your blood shall with incessant cry
 Awake at last th' unsparing power;
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,
 The snowy ruin smokes along,
 With doubling speed and gathering force,
 Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale!

So vengeance

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the puddin' race!
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm:
 Weel are ye wordy of a grace
 As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,
 Your pin wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While through your pores the dews distil
 Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
 An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
 Like onie ditch;
 And then, oh, what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reekin', rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost ! on they drive,
Till a' their weel swalled kytes belyve
Are bent like drums :
Then auld guidman, maist like to ryve,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragoût,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassée wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a withered rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit ;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
Oh, how unfit !

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread.
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whistle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thistle.

Ye Powers, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware
That jaups in luggies ;
But if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a haggis.

THE POEMS OF

TO A MOUSE.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
 Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bick'ring brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion
 Which maks thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
 And naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage green !
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozie here, beneath the blast
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
 Hast cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou 's turned out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hauld,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain!
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear.

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

THOU's welcome, wean! mischanter fa' me,
 If aught of thee, or of thy mammy,
 Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
 My sweet wee lady,
 Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tit-ta, or daddy.

Wee image of my bonny Betty,
 I fatherly will kiss and daut thee,
 As dear and near my heart I set thee
 Wi' as guid will,
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee
 That's out of hell.

THE POEMS OF

What though they ca' mé fornicator,
 And tease my name in kintra clatter;
 The mair they talk I'm kenned the better,
 E'en let them clash!
 An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter
 To gie ane fash.

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
 My funny toil is now a' tint,
 Sin' thou came to the warld asklent,
 Which fools may scoff at;
 In my last plack thy part's be in't—
 The better half o't.

And if thou be what I wad hae thee,
 And tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
 A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
 If thou be spared:
 Through a' thy childish years I'll see thee,
 And think't weel wared.

Guid grant that thou may aye inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,
 An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failin's,
 'Twill please me mair to hear and see't,
 Than stockit mailens.

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU great Being! what thou art
 Surpasses me to know;
 Yet sure I am, that known to thee
 Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine!

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly Mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourned, yet to temptati

O thou, great Governor of all below !
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea ;
With that controlling power assist e'en me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine ;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
Oh, aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear !
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear !

If I have wandered in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done ;

Thou know'st that thou hast formèd me
With passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou, All Good ! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have,
But, thou art good ; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.



O THOU DREAD POWER.

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear;
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleased to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand—
Guide thou their steps alway!

When, soon or late, they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in heaven!

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

THE POEMS OF

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tossed
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command ;

That Power which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought:
Again thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou takst them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride arrayed;
But long ere night, cut down it lies,
All withered and decayed.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

'Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
Began the reverend sage;
'Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?

THE POEMS OF

Or, haply, pressed with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

'The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride—
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

'O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway,
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

'Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want—oh, ill-matched pair!—
Show man was made to mourn.

'A few seem favourites of fate,
In Pleasure's lap caressed;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.

But, oh ! what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn !
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

' Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame ;
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn !

' See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

' If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn ?

' Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast ;
This partial view of humankind
Is surely not the best !

THE POEMS OF

The poor, oppressèd, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

'O Death! the poor man's dearest friend—
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!'

TO RUIN.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.
Then lowering and pouring,
The storm no more I dread;
Though thickening, and blackening,
Round my devoted head.

And thou grim power, by life abhorred,
While life a pleasure can afford,



Oh, hear a wretch's prayer!
 No more I shrink appalled, afraid;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care!
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day;
 My weary heart its throbbing cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stain my lifeless face:
 Enclaspèd, and graspèd
 Within thy cold embrace!

THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A
 FRIEND'S AMOUR.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
 Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep!
 With woe I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy wan unwarining beam;
 And mourn, in lamentation deep,
 How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
 The faintly marked distant hill:
 I joyless view thy trembling horn
 Reflected in the gurgling rill,
 My fondly fluttering heart, be still!
 Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease!
 Ah! must the agonizing thrill
 For ever bar returning peace!

THE POEMS OF

No idly feigned poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim ;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :
The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
The oft attested Powers above ;
The promised father's tender name ;
These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptured moments flown !
How have I wished for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and hers alone !
And must I think it ! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast ?
And does she heedless hear my groan ?
And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth ?
Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
Her way may lie through rough distress !
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

Ye wingèd hours that o'er us past,
Enraptured more, the more enjoyed,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly treasured thoughts employed.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room !
E'en every ray of hope destroyed,
And not a wish to gild the gloom !

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe :
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
' Keen recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore harassed out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright :
E'en day, all bitter, brings relief
From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway !
Oft has thy silent marking glance
Observed us, fondly wandering, stray !
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy silver gleaming ray,
To mark the mutual kindling eye.

Oh, scenes in strong remembrance set !
Scenes, never, never to return !
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn !
From every joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander through ;
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.

THE POEMS OF

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,
JAN. 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driven,
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;
I send you more than India boasts
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charged, perhaps too true ;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you !

ON A SCOTCH BARD

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me !
Our billie's gi'en us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him, a' ye rantin' core,
Wha dearly like a random splere,
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar
In social key ;
For now he's ta'en anither shore,
An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may miss him,
And in their dear petitions place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' ee;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bumble,
Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the sea.

Auld cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill make her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her laureate mony a year,
That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld nor'-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a berth afore the mast,
And owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
And owre the sea.

THE POEMS OF

He ne'er was gi'en to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding ;
 He dealt it free :
The muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fou o' glee;
He wad'na wranged the vera Deil,
That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie !
Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie !
I'll toast ye in my hind'most gillie,
Though owre the sea.

**FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST.
JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.**

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
 Ye favoured, ye enlightened few,
 Companions of my social joy!
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
Oft honoured with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light

ROBERT BURNS.

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And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw !
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine !
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear !
Heaven bless your honoured, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear !
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the bard that 's far awa'.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL old Scotia's bleak domains,
Far dearer than the torrid plains
Where rich bananas blow !
Farewell a mother's blessing dear !
A brother's sigh ! a sister's tear !
My Jean's heart-rending throe !
Farewell, my Bess ! though thou'rt bereft
Of my parental care !
A faithful brother I have left,
My part in him thou 'lt share !

THE POEMS OF

Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien';
 When kindly you mind me,
 Oh, then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
 From thee, my Jeanie, must I part!
 Thou, weeping, answerest, 'No!'
 Alas! misfortune stares my face,
 And points to ruin and disgrace,
 I for thy sake must go!
 Thee, Hamilton and Aiken dear,
 A grateful, warm adieu!
 I, with a much indebted tear,
 Shall still remember you!
 All hail then, the gale then,
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
 It rustles and whistles—
 I'll never see thee more!

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonny Doon, sae sweet and gloamin',
 Fare thee weel before I gang!
 Bonny Doon, whare early roaming,
 First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu, where Love, decoying,
 First intralld this heart o' mine,
 There the saftest sweets enjoying—
 Sweets that Mem'ry ne'er shall tyne!

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae rendered moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh, how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me!
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

VERSES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF HIS POEMS.

ONCE fondly loved, and still remembered dear!
Sweet early object of my youthful vows!
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,—
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more—
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic's roar.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursèd leaf!
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass!

I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.
I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
And, for thy potency vainly wished
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee, I leave this much-loved shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet auld Scotland more !

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF.

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
Wad on thy worth be pressin' ;
Remembrance oft may start a tear,
But oh ! that tenderness forbear,
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,
I thought sair storms wad never
Bedew the scene ; but grief and care
In wildest fury hae made bare
My peace, my hope for ever !

You think I'm glad ; oh, I pay weel
For a' the joy I borrow,
In solitude—then, then I feel
I canna to myself conceal
My deeply ranklin' sorrow.

Farewell ! within thy bosom free
A sigh may whiles awaken ;
A tear may wet thy laughin' ee,
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee,
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken !

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

OPPRESSED with grief, oppressed with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh :
O life ! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
Dim backward as I cast my view,
 What sickening scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
Even when the wishèd end 's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plyed,
 They bring their own reward :
Whilst I, a hope-abandoned wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night
 And joyless morn the same ;
 You, bustling and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

THE POEMS OF

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within the humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gathered fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream ;
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to heaven on high,
As wandering, meandering,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed
Where never human footstep traced,
 Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art :
But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days,
When dancing, thoughtless, Pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !



Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish ;
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage !
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age !

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw ;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw :
While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae ;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

'The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,'
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May :
The tempest's howl it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join ;
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine !

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are thy Will !

THE POEMS OF

Then all I want (O, do thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
 Assist me to resign !

LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
 October twenty-third,
 A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day !
 Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
 I dinnèd wi' a lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
 Nay, been bitch fou 'mang godly priests ;
 (Wi' reverence be it spoken !)
 I've even joined the honoured jorum,
 When mighty squireships o' the quorum
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a lord !—stand out, my shin :
 A lord—a peer—an earl's son !—
 Up higher yet, my bonnet !
 And sic a lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
 Our peerage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, oh ! for Hogarth's magic power !
 To show Sir Bardie's willyart glower,
 And how he stared and stammered !
 When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
 And stumpin' on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlour hammered.

To meet good Stewart little pain is,
 Or Scotia's sacred Demosthenes ;
 Thinks I, they are but men !

But Burns, my lord—guid God! I doited!
My knees on ane anither knoited,
As faultering I gaed ben!

I sidling sheltered in a nook,
And at his lordship steal't a look,
Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense and social glee,
And (what surprised me) modesty,
I markèd nought uncommon.

I watched the symptoms o' the great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
The arrogant assuming;
The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his lordship I shall learn
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as weel's another;
Nae honest, worthy man need care,
To meet wi' noble, youthful Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honoured shade.

THE POEMS OF

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labour plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise!
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina! social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
Or modest Merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar:
The ponderous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repelled th' invader's shock.



With awe-struck thought and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Famed heroes ! had their royal home :
Alas, how changed the times to come !
Their royal name low in the dust !
Their hapless race wild wandering roam !
Though rigid law cries out, 'Twas just.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :
Even I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers !
From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honoured shade.

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride ;
Where Ignorance her darkening vapour thr
And Cruelty directs the thickening blows ;

Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling Vowels to account.

First entered A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah ! deformed, dishonest to the sight !
His twisted head looked backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted Ai !

Reluctant E stalked in ; with piteous race
The jostling tears ran down his honest face !
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne ;
The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound ;
And next, the title following close behind,
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assigned.

The cobwebbed Gothic dome resounded, Y !
In sullen vengeance, I disdained reply :
The Pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
And knocked the groaning vowel to the ground ?

In rueful apprehension entered O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe ;
Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art :
So grim, deformed with horrors, entering U,
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew !

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The Pedant in his left hand clutched him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipped his right,
Baptized him Eu, and kicked him from his sight.



NATURE'S LAW.

LET other heroes boast their scars,
The marks of sturt and strife;
And other poets sing of wars,
The plagues of human life:
Shame fa' the fun, wi' sword and gun,
To slap mankind like lumber!
I sing his name and nobler fame,
Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
'Go on, ye human race!
This lower world I you resign:
Be fruitful and increase.
The liquid fire of strong desire,
I've poured it in each bosom;
Here in this hand, does mankind stand,
And there is beauty's blossom!'

The hero of these artless strains,
A lowly bard was he,
Who sang his rhymes on Coila's plains,
With mickle mirth and glee;
Kind Nature's care had given his share
Large of the flaming current;
And all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful high behest
Thrill, vital, through and through;
And sought a correspondent breast
To give obedience due:
Propitious Powers screened the young flowers
From mildews of abortion!
And lo! the bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion!

THE POEMS OF

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
 As annual it returns,
 The third of Libra's equal sway,
 That gave another Burns,
 With future rhymes and other times,
 To emulate his sire;
 To sing auld Coil in nobler style,
 With more poetic fire.

Ye powers of peace, and peaceful song,
 Look down with gracious eyes;
 And bless auld Coila, large and long,
 With multiplying joys:
 Lang may she stand to prop the land,
 The flower of ancient nations:
 And Burnses spring, her fame to sing,
 To endless generations!

VERSES

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER OF THE DEATH OF
 JOHN M'LEOD, BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A
 PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms:
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
 The morning rose may blow;
 But cold successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smiled:
 But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung ;
So Isabella's heart was formed,
And so that heart was wrung.

Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the grief
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief !

Dread Omnipotence alone
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave ;
Th' inconstant blast howled through the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wandered by each cliff and dell,
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train ;
Or mused where limpid streams, once hallowed, well,
Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred fane.

Th' increasing blast roared round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-winged, flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mixed her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow ;
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I viewed :
Her form majestic drooped in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurled,
That like a deathful meteor gleamed afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.

' My patriot son fills an untimely grave !'
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ;
' Low lies the hand that oft was stretched to save,
Low lies the heart that swelled with honest pride.

' A weeping country joins a widow's tear ;
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;
The drooping Arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful Science heaves the heartfelt sigh !

' I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow :
But ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
Relentless Fate has laid their guardian low.

' My patriot falls,—but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name ?
No ; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.



'And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Through future times to make his virtues last ;
That distant years may boast of other Blairs !'—
She said, and vanished with the sleeping blast.

TO MISS FERRIER,

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

NAE heathen name shall I prefix
Frae Pindus or Parnassus ;
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
Made Homer deep their debtor ;
But, gi'en the body half an ee,
Nine Ferriers wad done better !

Last day my mind was in a bog,
Down George's Street I stoited ;
A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog
My very senses doited.

Do what I dought to set her free,
My saul lay in the mire ;
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your ee—
She took the wing like fire !

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you ;
And wish and pray, in rhyme sincere,
A' guid things may attend you.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL OVER THE CHIMNEYPIECE
IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE,
TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view,—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
The outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills:
The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
The palace, rising on its verdant side;
The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam—
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods!
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods.
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her
 scan,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR
WATER.

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOL.

MY LORD, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
Emboldened thus, I beg you 'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly jumping glowering trouts,
That through my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;
If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I 'm scorching up to shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That, to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry :
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
E'en as I was he shored me ;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad adored me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :

THE POEMS OF

Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, although I say 't myself,
Worth gann a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He 'll shade my banks wth towering trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes ;
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You 'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward mankin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flowers ;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair ;

Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty, idle care :
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey :
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed !
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songsters' nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honoured native land !
So may through Albion's farthest ken,
To social flowing glasses,
The grace be—' Athol's honest men,
And Athol's bonnie lasses !'

THE POEMS OF

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds,
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
 Dim-seen, through rising mists, and ceaseless showers,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
 Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below, the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * *

ON SCARING SOME WATERFOWL IN
LOCH TURIT,

A WILD SCENE AMID THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
 For me your watery haunt forsake ?
 Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
 At my presence thus you fly ?
 Why disturb your social joys,
 Parent, filial, kindred ties ?
 Common friend to you and me,
 Nature's gifts to all are free :
 Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
 Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
 Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
 Beneath the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays ;
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

THE POEMS OF

CASTLE-GORDON.

STREAMS that glide in Orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains !
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commixed with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands :
These, their richly gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle-Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave ;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle-Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
In that sober, pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood :
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonny Castle-Gordon.

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Written on the blank leaf of a book presented to her by
the Author.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on the early May,
Never mayst thou, lovely flower,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower !
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' poisonous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights !
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf !
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew !

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem ;
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings ;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM
TYTLER.

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,—
A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Though something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wanderer were royal.

My fathers that name have revered on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry;
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine—
Their title's avowed by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem;
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But, loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care :
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night ;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
DUNDAS, OF ARNISTON,

LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION,
DIED 1787.

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks ;
Down foam the rivulets, red with dashing rains !
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan ;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly ;
Where, to the whistling blast and waters' roar
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
Oh, heavy loss, thy country ill could bear !
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and swayed her rod ;
She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,
And sunk, abandoned to the wildest woe.

THE POEMS OF

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men;
See, from his cavern, grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes:
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry.

Mark ruffian Violence, distained with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong;
Hark! injured Want recounts th' unlistened tale,
And much-wronged Misery pours th' unpitied wail.

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure,
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,
ON NITH-SIDE.

FIRST VERSION.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As youth and love, with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnets song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose !
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-neuk of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou 'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
And teach the sportive youngers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, Man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?

THE POEMS OF

Did many talents gild thy span?
 Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
 To virtue or to vice is given.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resigned and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
 Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

SECOND VERSION.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deckt in silken stole,
 Grave these maxims on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not, clouds will always lour,
 Happiness is but a name,
 Content and ease thy aim.

Ambition is a meteor-gleam,
Fame, an idle, restless dream :
Peace, the tenderest flower of spring ;
Pleasures, insects on the wing ;
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own :
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
For the future be prepared,
Guard, wherever thou canst guard,
But thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make the consequence thy care :
Keep the name of Man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence, with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art ;
Keep his goodness still in view,
Thy Trust, and thy Example too.

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

TO CLARINDA.

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
The measured time is run !
The wretch beneath the dreary Pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
Shall poor Sylvander hie ?
Deprived of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy !

THE POEMS OF

We part—but, by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes!
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious day;
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray?

TO CLARINDA.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES.

FAIR empress of the poet's soul,
 And queen of poetesses;
 Clarinda, take this little boon,
 This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
 As generous as your mind;
 And pledge me in the generous toast—
 'The whole of humankind!'

'To those who love us!'—second fill;
 But not to those whom we love;
 Lest we love those who love not us!
 A third—'To thee and me, love!'

Long may we live! long may we love!
 And long may we be happy!
 And may we never want a glass
 Well charged with generous nappy!

TO CLARINDA.

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face
My heart was blithe and gay,
Free as the wind, or feathered race
That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,
Clarinda proves unkind ;
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
When I the fair have found ;
On every tree appear my verses
That to her praise resound.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
My faithful love disdains,
My vows and tears her scorn excite—
Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks betray
I envy your success ;
Yet love to friendship shall give way,
I cannot wish it less.

TO CLARINDA.

' I BURN, I burn, as when through ripened corn,
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne !'
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night ;
Now bless the hour which charmed my guilty sight.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose ;
Chained at his feet they groan, Love's vanquisher

THE POEMS OF

In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye;
 I dare not combat—but I turn and fly:
 Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallowed fire;
 Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire;
 Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
 Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone:
 Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
 And riots wanton in forbidden fields!

By all on high, adoring mortals know!
 By all the conscious villain fears below!
 By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear—
 Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear!

MRS. FERGUSSON OF CRAIGDARROCH'S
 LAMENT FOR HER SON.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierced my darling's heart;
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonoured laid;
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravished young;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death, oft I've feared thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond, I bare my breast;
 Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love, at rest!

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

A SKETCH.

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born!
But, oh! prodigious to reflect!
A towmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
And my auld toothless Bawtie's dead;
The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt and Fox,
And our guidwife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's something dour o' treadin',
But better stuff ne'er clawed a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
And cry till ye be hoarse and roopit,
For Eighty-eight he wished you weel,
And gied you a' baith gear and meal;
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursel's, for little feck!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een,
For some o' you hae tint a frien';
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye 'll ne'er hae to gie again.

THE POEMS OF

Observe the very nowte and sheep,
 How dowf and dowie now they creep;
 Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
 For Embrugh wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou 's but a bairn,
 And no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
 Thou now hast got thy daddy's chair;
 Nae handcuffed, muzzled, half-shackled Regent,
 But, like himsel', a full, free agent,
 Be sure ye follow out the plan
 Nae waur than he did, honest man!
 As muckle better as you can.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, OF GLENRIDDEL

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER
 WITH CRITICISMS ON THE POET'S WORKS.

YOUR news and réview, sir, I've read through and
 through, sir,
 With little admiring or blaming;
 The papers are barren of home news or foreign,
 No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers, those chippers and hewers
 Are judges of mortar and stone, sir;
 But of meet or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
 I boldly pronounce they are none, sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
 Bestowed on your servant, the poet;
 Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
 And then all the world, sir, should know it!

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying,
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty caulker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack:
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod—
I'll pay you like my master.

SKETCH—NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1790.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day, Time winds the exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
Adjust the unimpaired machine,
To wheel the equal dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;

Deaf, as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds ;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me a-moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver ?
' Another year is gone for ever !'
And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
' The passing moment's all we rest on !'
Rest on—for what ? what do we here ?
Or why regard the passing year ?
Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more ?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust ;
Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss !
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies :
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight :
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone ;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woeful night.
Since, then, my honoured first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,

Let us the important Now employ,
And live as those who never die.

Though you, with days and honours crowned,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale Envy to convulse,)
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT,
MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1787.

WHEN by a generous public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame:
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot;
What breast so dead to heavenly virtue's glow,
But heaves impassioned with the grateful throe?

Poor is the task to please a barbarous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
But here an ancient nation famed afar
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, Caledonia! name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honoured to appear!
Where every science—every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason'

Here History paints with elegance and force,
 The tide of empires' fluctuating course ;
 Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
 And Harley rouses all the god in man,
 When well-formed taste and sparkling wit unite
 With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
 Can only charm us in the second place,)
 Witness, my heart, how oft with panting fear,
 As on this night, I've met these judges here !
 But still the hope Experience taught to live,
 Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
 No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
 With decency and law beneath his feet ;
 Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name :
 Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.

O thou dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand
 Has oft been stretched to shield the honoured land,
 Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire !
 May every son be worthy of his sire ;
 Firm may she rise with generous disdain
 At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's, chain ;
 Still self-dependent in her native shore
 Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more !

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW
 YEAR'S DAY EVENING, 1790.

No song nor dance I bring from you great city
 That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity :
 Though, by the by, abroad why will you roam ?
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home :

But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good new year!
Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story.
The sage grave ancient coughed, and bade me say,
'You're one year older this important day.'
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—'Think!'

Ye sprightly youths, quite flushed with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That though some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least, in love, ye faithful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important Now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive.
For our sincere, though haply weak, endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

PROLOGUE.

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
 How this new play and that new sang is comin' ?
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?
 Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported ?
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame ?
 For comedy abroad he needna toil,
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil ;
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece ;
 There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
 Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring bard will rise and tell
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell ?
 Where are the Muses fled that could produce
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce ?
 How here, even here, he first unsheathed the sword
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord ;
 And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrenched his dear country from the jaws of ruin ?
 Oh, for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish queen !
 Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.

She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman :
 A woman—though the phrase may seem uncivil—
 As able and as cruel as the devil !

One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age :
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads !

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand ;
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them ;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard, and say 'The folks hae done their best !'
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye'll soon hae poets of the Scottish nation,
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back !
For us and for our stage should only spier,
'Wha's aught thae chieles maks a' this bustle here ?'
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you !
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But, like good mithers, shore before ye strike.
And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks ;
God help us ! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

TO THE OWL.

SAD bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth,
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour ?
Is it some blast that gathers in the north,
Threatening to nip the verdure of thy bow

Is it, sad owl, that Autumn strips the shade,
And leaves thee here, unsheltered and forlorn?
Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade?
Or friendless melancholy bids thee mourn?

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feathered train,
To tell thy sorrows to the unheeding gloom;
No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner! I will bless thy strain,
And pleased in sorrow listen to thy song:
Sing on, sad mourner! to the night complain,
While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek
Sad, piteous tears, in native sorrows fall?
Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break?
Less happy he who lists to pity's call?

Ah, no, sad Owl! nor is thy voice less sweet,
That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there;
That Spring's gay notes, unskilled, thou canst repeat;
That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair.

Nor that the treble songsters of the day
Are quite estranged, sad bird of night! from thee;
Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,
When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.

From some old tower, thy melancholy dome,
While the gray walls, and desert solitudes,
Return each note, responsive to the gloom
Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods.

There hooting, I will list more pleased to thee
 Than ever lover to the nightingale ;
 Or drooping wretch, oppressed with misery,
 Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

VERSES

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF THE RUINS OF LINCLUDEN
 ABBEY.

Y^e holy walls, that, still sublime,
 Resist the crumbling touch of time ;
 How strongly still your form displays
 The piety of ancient days !
 As through your ruins, hoar and grey—
 Ruins yet beauteous in decay—
 The silvery moonbeams trembling fly :
 The forms of ages long gone by
 Crowd thick on Fancy's wondering eye,
 And wake the soul to musings high.
 E'en now, as lost in thought profound,
 I view the solemn scene around,
 And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,
 The past returns, the present flies ;
 Again the dome, in pristine pride,
 Lifts high its roof and arches wide,
 That, knit with curious tracery,
 Each Gothic ornament display.
 The high-arched windows, painted fair,
 Show many a saint and martyr there.
 As on their slender forms I gaze,
 Methinks they brighten to a blaze !
 With noiseless step and taper bright,
 What are you forms that meet my sight—

Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.
'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
That seek in prayer the midnight fane.
And, hark ! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around ?
'Tis the soft-chanted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong ;
Till, thence returned, they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave, with fond delay ;
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die ;
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear ;
Each worldly thought a while forbear,
And mutter forth a half-formed prayer.
But, as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frost-work touched by southern gales ;
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene's decayed.
In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But through the broken glass the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale ;
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home these aisles and arches high !
The choral hymn, that erst so clear
Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
Is drowned amid the mournful scream
That breaks the magic of my dream !
Roused by the sound, I start and see
The ruined sad reality !

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,
ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE,
WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his agèd head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won :
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ;
But distress with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well !

THE POEMS OF

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
 Blooming in the sunny ray:
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys:
 Hapless bird! a prey the surest,
 To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
 Finer feelings can bestow;
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

VERSES

TO JOHN MAXWELL, OF TERRAUGHTY, ON HIS
 BIRTHDAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwells' veteran chief!
 Health, aye unsoured by care or grief:
 Inspired, I turned Fate's sybil leaf
 This natal morn;
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
 Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
 (The second sight, ye ken is given
 To ilka poet)
 On thee a tack o' seven times seven
 Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
 Thy lengthened days on this blest morrow,
 May Desolation's lang-teethed harrow,
 Nine miles an hour,
 Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
 In brunstane stoure!

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
 Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
 May couthie Fortune, kind and canny,
 In social glee,
 Wi' mornings blithe and evenings funny,
 Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye:
 And then the Deil he daurna steer ye;
 Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye;
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
 While Burns they ca' me!

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTE-
 NELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

WHILE Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things,
 The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
 While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
 And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
 Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
 The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connexion,
 One sacred Right of Woman is Protection.

The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
 Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
 Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here—is Caution;
 To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,
 He'd died before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
 There was, indeed, in far less polished days,
 A time when rough rude man had naughty ways;
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
 Nay, even thus, invade a lady's quiet.
 Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
 Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
 Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
 Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear Admiration!
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
 There taste that life of life—immortal Love.
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions;
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,
 'h! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A
FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchancing elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou 'dst act a part.

TO A YOUNG LADY (MISS JESSIE LEWARS,
DUMFRIES),

WITH A BOOK WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED
TO HER.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer;
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindest, best presage,
Of future bliss enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare;
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward:
So prays thy faithful friend, the ba

SONNET

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain ;
 See agèd Winter, mid his surly reign,
 At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.
 So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
 Sits meek Content, with light unanxious heart,
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
 Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.
 I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
 'Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies !
 Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
 What wealth could never give nor take away !
 Yet come, thou child of poverty and care !
 The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee
 I'll share.

POEM

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE,
 DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the poet, tried and leal,
 Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal ;
 Alake, alake ! the meikle Deil
 Wi' a' his witches
 Are at it, skelpin, jig and reel,
 In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one, I sairly want it :
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
 It would be kind ;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
 I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin',
 To thee and thine ;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell death was nearly nicket :
Grim loun ! he gat me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
 And turned a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
 A tentier way :
Then farewell, folly, hide and hair o't,
 For ance and aye !

TO A KISS.

HUMID seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connexions,
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss !



THE POEMS OF

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
 Passion's birth, and infant's play,
 Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
 Glowing dawn of brighter day!

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
 When lingering lips no more must join,
 What words can ever speak affection
 So thrilling and sincere as thine!

ADDRESS

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT,
 DEC. 4, 1795, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
 And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
 So, sought a poet, roosted near the skies,
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
 Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
 And last, my prologue business slyly hinted.
 'Ma'am, let me tell you,' quoth my man of rhymes,
 'I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
 Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears—
 Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears—
 With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance;
 Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
 Waving on high the desolating brand,
 Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?'

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
 'D'ye think,' said I, 'this face was made for crying?

I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it ;
And so, your servant, gloomy Master Poet !'

Firm as my creed, sirs, 'tis my fixed belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief ;
I also think—so may I be a bride !
That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye ;
Doomed to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five :
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch !
Say, you'll be merry, though you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove ;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap :
Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf ?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself :
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise ;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

THE TOAST.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast—
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost !—
That we lost, did I say ? nay, by heaven, that we found ;
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.

The next in succession, I'll give you—The King !
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing !
 And here's the grand fabric, Our Free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution ;
 And longer with politics not to be crammed,
 Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damned ;
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial !

INSCRIPTION,

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

THOU of an independent mind,
 With soul resolved, with soul resigned ;
 Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
 Who wilt not be, nor have, a slave ;
 Virtue alone who dost revere,
 Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
 Approach this shrine and worship here.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

ALL devil as I am, a damnèd wretch,
 A hardened, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
 Still my heart melts at human wretchedness ;
 And with sincere, though unavailing sighs,
 I view the helpless children of distress.
 With tears indignant I behold the oppressor
 Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
 Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
 Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you ;
 Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity ;
 Ye poor, despised, abandoned vagabonds,

Whom vice, as usual, has turned o'er to ruin.
 Oh, but for kind, though ill-requited friends,
 I had been driven forth like you, forlorn,
 The most detested, worthless wretch among you !
 O injured God ! Thy goodness has endowed me
 With talents passing most of my compeers,
 Which I in just proportion have abused,
 As far surpassing other common villains
 As thou in natural parts hadst given me more.

THE HERON ELECTION BALLADS.*

I.

WHOM will you send to London town,
 To Parliament, and a' that ?
 Or wha in a' the country round
 The best deserves to fa' that ?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Through Galloway and a' that ;
 Where is the laird or belted knight
 That best deserves to fa' that ?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
 And wha is't never saw that ?
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
 And has a doubt of a' that ?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that !
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, and a' that.

* The Heron Ballads were written by Burns to help Patrick Heron, of Kerroughtree, in two elections. They were scattered as broadsheets.

THE POEMS OF

Though wit and worth in either sex,
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that ;
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that !
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk ?
And it's against the law that ;
For why, a lord may be a gouk
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that !
A lord may be a lousy loun
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills
Wi' uncle's purse and a' that ;
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
A man we ken and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that !
For we're not to be bought and sold
Like naigs, and nowt, and a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that !
A House of Commons such as he,
They would be blest that saw that.

II.

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin' there;
For Murray's light-horse are to muster,
An' oh, how the heroes will swear!
An' there will be Murray commander,
An' Gordon the battle to win;
Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance and kin.

An' there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,*
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An' he get na hell for his haddin',
The Deil gets na justice ava';
An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy na sae black at the bane,
But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.

An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,
Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,
She's gotten the heart of a Busby,
But, Lord, what's become o' the head?
An' there will be Cardoness, Esquire,†
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
A wight that will weather damnation—
The Devil the prey will despise.

An' there will be Douglasses doughty,
New christening towns far and near;
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the — o' a peer;

* John Busby.

† Maxwell, of Cardoness.

THE POEMS OF

An' there will be Kenmure sae generous !
 Whose honour is proof to the storm ;
 To save them from stark reprobation,
 He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
 The body, e'en let him escape !
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An' 'twere na the cost o' the rape.
 An' where is our King's lord lieutenant,
 Sae famed for his gratefu' return ?
 The billie is gettin' his questions,
 To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
 Muirhead * wha's as gude as he's true ;
 An' there will be Buittle's apostle, †
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue ;
 An' there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
 A house o' great merit and note,
 The Deil ane but honours them highly,—
 The Deil ane will gie them his vote !

An' there will be wealthy young Richard ‡
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck ;
 For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
 His merit had won him respect :
 An' there will be rich brother nabobs,
 Though nabobs, yet men of the first,
 An' there will be Collieston's whiskers,
 An' Quentin, o' lads not the warst.

* Minister of Urr.

† Rev. G. Maxwell.

‡ R. Oswald, of Auchincruive.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie,*
 Tak tent how ye purchase a dram;
 An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
 An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam;†
 An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
 Whase honour was ever his law,
 If the virtues were packed in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a'.

An' can we forget the auld Major,‡
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
 Our flattery we'll keep for some ither,
 Him only it's justice to praise.
 An' there will be maiden Kilkerran,§
 And also Barskimming's guid knight,||
 An' there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,
 Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

An' there, frae the Niddesdale border,
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
 Tough Johnnie, staunch Geordie, an' Walie
 That griens for the fishes an' loaves;
 An' there will be Logan Mac Douall,
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
 An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.

Then hey the chaste int'rest o' Broughton,
 An' hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king;

* John Syme. † Col. Goldie.
 ‡ Major Heron. § Sir Adam Fergusson.
 • || Sir William Miller.

THE POEMS OF

An' hey for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
 He foundered his horse amang harlots,
 But gi'ed the auld naig to the Lord.

III.

WHA will buy my troggin?
 Fine election ware;
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair.

*Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me.*

There's a noble Earl's*
 Fame and high renown,
 For an auld sang—
 It's thought the gudes were stown.

Here's the worth o' Broughton †
 In a needle's ee;
 Here's a reputation
 Tint by Balmaghie. ‡

Here's an honest conscience
 Might a prince adorn;
 Frae the downs o' Tynwald—
 Sae was never born.

* The Earl of Galloway. † Mr. Murray.
 ‡ Gordon, of Balmaghie.

Here 's the stuff and lining,
O' Cardoness's head;
Fine for a sodger
A' the wale o' lead.

Here 's a little wadset,
Buittle's scrap o' truth,
Pawnèd in a gin-shop,
Quenching holy drouth.

Here 's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr;
The crest, an auld crab-apple *
Rotten at the core.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle,
Sprawlin' like a taed.

Here 's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast;
By a thievish midge
They had been nearly lost.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands;
Gifted by black Jock
To get them aff his hands.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
If to buy ye're slack,
Hornie's turnin chapman,—
He'll buy a' the pack.

* Rev. Dr. Muirhead, minister of Urr, in Galloway.

IV.

JOHN BUSBY'S LAMENTATION.

'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
O' Christ, and ninety-five,
That year I was the waest man
O' ony man alive.

In March, the three-and-twentieth day,
The sun rase clear and bright ;
But oh, I was a waefu' man
Ere toofa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsman joined,
The Murray's noble name !

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife ;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre 's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonnie Dee,
Beside Kirkcudbright towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray on the auld grey yaud,
Wi' wingèd spurs did ride,
That auld grey yaud, yea, Nid'sdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

An' there had been the yerl himsel',
Oh, there had been nae play ;
But Garlies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In the front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenken came to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed,
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmore we had need.

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness
Looked on till a' was done:
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Busbys a';
My gamesome Billy Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Herons' name
We set nought to their score:
The Douglas and the Herons' name
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
A pair o' trusty lairds,
For building cot-houses sae famed,
And christening kail-yards.

And by our banners marched Muirhead,
And Buittle was na slack;
Whose haly priesthood nane can stain,
For wha can dye the black?

STANZAS ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
Discarded remnant of a race
Once great in martial story ?
His forbears' virtues all contrasted—
The very name of Douglas blasted—
His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore ;
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt ;
Follies and crimes have stained the name ;
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt.

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER.

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight ;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets :
A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
Learned *Vive la bagatelle ! et Vive l'amour !*
So travelled monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin—nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood ;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood :
His solid sense by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell ;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER
CAPRICE.

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired !
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened !
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired !
How dull is that ear which to flatt'ry so listened !

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection removed ;
How doubly severe, Eliza, thy fate,—
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed ;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay,
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre ;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPIITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly gay in life's bier
Want only of wisdom denied¹
Want only of goodness de

THE HERMIT.

Written on a marble sideboard in the hermitage belonging
to the Duke of Athol in the wood of Aberfeldy.

WHOE'ER thou art these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
 This desert drear ;
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding,
 Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours ;
Freewilled I fled from courtly bowers ;
For well I saw in halls and towers
 That lust and pride,
The arch-fiend's dearest darkest powers,
 In state preside.

I saw mankind with vice incrustured ;
I saw that Honour's sword was rusted ;
That few for aught but folly lusted ;
That he was still deceived who trusted
 To love or friend ;
And hither came, with men disgusted,
 My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
 I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
 Consume the day.

This rock my shield when storms are blowing;
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
My simple food;
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot than e'er I felt before in
A palace—and with thoughts still soaring
To God on high,
Each night and morn, with voice imploring
This wish I sigh,—

'Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorse's throb, or loose desire;
And when I die
Let me in this belief expire—
To God I fly.'

Stranger, if full of life and riot,
And yet no grief has marred thy quiet,
Thou haply throws a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer;
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care;

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain ;
Through a' our lasses he did rove,
And reigned, resistless, king of love :
But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays among the woods and briers ;
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves.

' I wha sae late did range and rove,
And changed with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear :
The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree ;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair !'

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

ORIGINAL VERSION.

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,—
Could I describe her shape and mien ;
The graces of her weel-fared face,
And the glancin' of her sparklin' een !

She's fresher than the morning dawn,
When rising Phoebus first is seen,
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

She's spotless as the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flowery May adorns the scene,
That wansons round its bleating dam ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flower-reviving rains are past ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen :
They tempt the taste and charm the e'
An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' e

THE POEMS OF

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
 With fleeces newly washen clean,
 That slowly mount the rising steep ;
 An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
 That gently stirs the blossomed bean,
 When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;
 An' she's twa glancin', sparklin' een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
 Though matching Beauty's fabled queen,
 But the mind that shines in every grace—
 An' chiefly in her sparklin' een.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

ORIGINAL VERSION.

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fair ;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care ?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings upon the bough ;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause luvè was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate ;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae off its thorny tree;
And my fause luvver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

COME DOWN THE BACK STAIRS.

*O, whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad;
O, whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad;
Though father and mither
Should baith gae mad,
O, whistle, and I'll come
To you, my lad.*

Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs
When ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs,
And let nabody see,
And come as ye were na
Coming to me.

EPITAPH ON MY FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend.

THE POEMS OF

The pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
 The dauntless heart that feared no human pride ;
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
 ' For e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.'

EPITAPH ON JOHN DOVE,

INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pidgeon :
 What was his religion ?
 Whae'er desires to ken,
 To some other warl'
 Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane !

Strong ale was ablution,—
 Small beer persecution,—
 A dram was *memento mori*;
 But a full flowing bowl
 Was the saving his soul,
 And port was celestial glory.

EPITAPH ON JOHN BUSHBY,

WRITER IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man !
 Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

EPITAPH ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
 He aften did assist ye ;
 For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
 Your wives they ne'er had missed ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
To school in bands thegither,
O, tread ye lightly on his grass,
Perhaps he was your father.

EPITAPH ON A CELEBRATED RULING
ELDER.

HERE Souter Hood in death does sleep;
To Hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it well thegither.

EPITAPH FOR ROBERT AIKEN.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much-loved, much-honoured name,
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

EPITAPH FOR GAVIN HAMILTON.

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed:
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damned!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

THE POEMS OF

Is there a bard of rustic song
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng?

O, pass not by!

But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career
Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name!

Reader, attend! Whether thy soul
Soars Fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest;
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth:

Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
 Few heads with knowledge so informed :
 If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
 If there is none, he made the best of this.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
 For every creature's want !
 We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
 For all thy goodness lent :

And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
 May never worse be sent ;
 But whether granted or denied,
 Lord, bless us with content !

Amen.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, dear friend ! may Guid-Luck hit you,
 And 'mang her favourites admit you !
 If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
 May nane believe him !
 And ony deil that thinks to get you,
 Good Lord deceive him !

ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED
 BY THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE.

WAS e'er puir poet sae befitted ?
 The maister drunk,—the horse committed :
 Puir harmless beast ! tak thee nae care,
 Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (r—

THE POEMS OF

ON TAM THE CHAPMAN.

As Tam the Chapman on a day
 WY Death forgathered by the way,
 Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
 And Death was nae less pleased wⁱ Thomas,
 Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
 And there blaws up a hearty crack;
 His social, friendly, honest heart,
 Sae tickled Death, they could na part:
 Sae, after viewin' knives and garters,
 Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader know
 That Death has murdered Johnny!
 An' here his body lies fu' low—
 For saul—he ne'er had ony.

EPIGRAM ON BACON.

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
 And plenty of Bacon, each day in the year;
 We've all things that's neat, and mostly in season:
 But why always Bacon?—come, give me a reason?

VERSES TO J. RANKINE.

As day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
 Was driving to the tither warl'
 A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
 And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;
 Black gowns of each denomination,
 And thieves of every rank and station,

From him that wears the star and garter,
 To him that wintles in a halter;
 Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
 He mutters, glow'rin' at the bitches,
 'By God! I'll not be seen behind them,
 Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
 Without at least ae honest man
 To grace this damned infernal clan.'
 By Adamhill a glance he threw,
 'Lord God!' quoth he, 'I have it now:
 There's just the man I want, i' faith!
 And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.

I AM a keeper of the law
 In some sma' points, although not a',
 Some people tell me gin I fa'
 Ae way or ither,
 The breaking of ae point, though sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
 And winna say o'er far for thrice,
 Yet never met with that surprise
 That broke my rest,
 But now a rumour's like to rise—
 A whaup's i' the nest.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
 O Death! it's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
 Into thy dark dominion!

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender ;
But built a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT, OF ECCLEFECHAN.

O, HAD each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeanie Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward.

ON A HEN-PECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As father Adam first was fooled,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled—
The Devil ruled the woman.

ON THE SAME.

O DEATH ! hadst thou but spared his life
Whom we this day lament,
We freely wad exchange the wife,
An' a' been weel content !

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't ;
Tak thou the carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ON THE SAME.

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd shown her,
She reduced him to dust and she drank up the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
When called on to order the funeral direction,
Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense!

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME.

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,—
A time that surely shall come ;
In heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

WE cam na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise ;

But whan we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us ;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

LINES ON VIEWING STIRLING PALACE.

HERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,
 And laws for Scotland's weal ordained;
 But now unroofed their palace stands,
 Their sceptre's swayed by other hands:
 The injured Stuart line is gone;
 A race outlandish fills their throne—
 An idiot race, to honour lost;
 Who know them best, despise them most.

REPLY TO THE MINISTER OF GLADSMUIR.

The minister of Gladsmuir wrote a reproof of the 'Lines on viewing Stirling Palace.' Burns dashed out the pane of glass, and wrote as follows:—

LIKE Æsop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
 All other's scorn—but damn that ass's heel!

THE POET'S SELF-REPROOF.

RASH mortal, and slanderous Poet! thy name
 Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame;
 Dost not know, that old Mansfield, who writes like the
 Bible,
 Says, The more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel!

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATE
 MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
 Lovely Burns has charms—confess;
 True it is, she had one failing—
 Had a woman ever less?

JOHNNY PEEP.

HERE am I, Johnny Peep:
I saw three sheep,
And these three sheep saw me;
Half-a-crown a-piece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep gets free.

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

CURSED be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell!
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse bitch.

ON INCIVILITY SHOWN HIM AT
INVERARY.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The lord their god, his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland cauld and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger.

THE POEMS OF

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATIONS OF
MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU whom Poesy abhors !
Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors !
Heardst thou that groan ?—proceed no further—
'Twas laurellèd Martial roaring ' Murder !'

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes ;
O Satan ! when ye tak him,
Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever deils he'll mak 'em !

ON ANDREW TURNER.

IN se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine
Satan took stuff to mak a swine,
And cuist it in a corner ;
But wilily he changed his plan,
And shaped it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

ON WAT.

SIC a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the very worms damned him,
When laid in his grave.
' In his flesh there's a famine,'
A starved reptile cries ;
' An' his heart is rank poison,'
Another replies.

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANKS.

HONEST Will's to heaven gane,
 And mony shall lament him,
 His faults they a' in Latin lay,
 In English nane e'er kent them.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

THE Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
 So, whip! at the summons old Satan came flying;
 But when he approached where poor Francis lay moaning,
 And saw each bedpost with its burden a-groaning.
 Astonished, confounded, cried Satan, 'By God!
 I'll want him, ere I take such a damnable load!'

ON THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON,

IN CLYDESDALE.

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
 A caulder kirk, and in't but few;
 As cauld a minister's e'er spak,—
 Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

LINES

*On being asked why God had made the beautiful Miss
 Davies so little, and the friend who was with her so
 tall.*

Ask why God made the gem so small,
 And why so huge the granite?
 Because God meant mankind should set
 The higher value on it.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT
ROSLYN.

My blessings on you, sonsie wife!
I ne'er was here before;
You've gi'en as walth for horn and knife,
Nae heart could wish for more.
Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore;
And, while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door.

EPITAPH ON W——

STOP, thief! dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en,—
How shall I make a fool again?

ON MRS. KEMBLE.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flowed.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

THERE'S death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

LINES SPOKEN EXTEMPORE,
ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.
SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Och, hon! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels;
But—what'll ye say?
These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

SIR,
Yours this moment I unseal,
And faith, I'm gay and hearty!
To tell the truth an' shame the Deil,
I am as fou' as Bartie:
But fooraday, sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your party,
If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie.—R. B.

Mossiel, 1786.

ANOTHER.

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' you by-and-by,
Or else the Devil's in it.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER INFANT.

MY blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie!
My blessin's upon thy bonnie ee brie!
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger
Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to

THE POEMS OF

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,
 And mean thy fortunes be;
 Bear this in mind,—‘ Be deaf and blind;
 Let great folks hear and see.’

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven! that I may live
 To see the miscreants feel the pain they give;
 Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
 Till slave and despot be but things which were!

THE PARSON'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
 I must and will deny;
 They say their master is a knave—
 And sure they do not lie.

EXTEMPORE.

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

IF you rattle along like your mistress's tongue
 Your speed will outrival the dart;
 But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
 If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
 This ivied cot was dear:
 Reader, dost value matchless worth?
 The ivied cot reverse.

IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

OLD Winter with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred:
'What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

'Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me,—and I've no more to say,—
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn cannot match me.'
'Tis done!' says Jove. So ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

EXTEMPORE,

ON THE LATE MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE.

To Crochallan came
The old cocked-hat, the grey surtout, the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long days and nights to shaving-night;
His uncombed grizzly locks wild-staring; thatched
A head for thought profound and clear unmatched;
Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

THE POEMS OF

EXTEMPORE,

TO MR. SYME,

On refusing to dine with him.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
 And cook'ry the first in the nation ;
 Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
 Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O, HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit ;
 'Twere drink for first of humankind,
 A gift that e'en for Syme were fit !

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED "THE
MARQUIS,"

THE LANDLORD OF A PUBLIC-HOUSE IN DUMFRIES.

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shammed:
 If ever he rise, it will be to be damned.

ON EXCISEMEN.

LINES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN DUMFRIES.

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
 'Gainst poor Excisemen ? Give the cause a hearing.
 What are your landlords' rent-rolls—taxing ledgers ;
 What Premiers—what ? even monarchs' mighty gaugers :
 Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men ?
 What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen ?

LINES WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS,
ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING
FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

Ye hypocrites ! are these your pranks ?
To murder men, and gie God thanks !
For shame ! gie e'er, — proceed no further —
God wout accept your thanks for murder !

VERSE

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN,
DUMFRIES.

THE greybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live ;
I grant him calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

INVITATION TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN,
TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

FRIDAY first 's the day appointed,
By our Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession ;
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals,
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels,
I' the way of our profession.
Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you ;
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If Death, then, wi' scaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin,
Inform him, and storn him,
That Saturday ye 'll fecht him.
ROBERT BUR

THE POEMS OF

WAR.

I MURDER hate, by field or flood,
 Though glory's name may screen us;
 In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
 Life-giving wars of Venus.

The deities that I adore
 Are social peace and plenty;
 I'm better pleased to make one more
 Than be the death o' twenty.

DRINKING.

MY bottle is my holy pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
 And Pleasure is a wanton trout,—
 An' ye drink it dry, ye'll find him out.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

SOME hae meat, and canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it;
 But we hae meat and we can eat,
 And sae the Lord be thankit.

INNOCENCE.

INNOCENCE

Looks gaily smiling on; while rosy Pleasure
 Hides young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
 And pours her cup luxuriant: mantling high
 The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss!

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER,

WHO DIED 1795.

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom ;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation's given—
She's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms, a rose, in Heaven.

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON,

BREWER, DUMFRIES.

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels ;
He's blest—if, as he brewed, he drink—
In upright honest morals.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG,

NAMED 'ECHO.'

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore ;
Now half-extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys ;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

THE POEMS OF

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF
LORD GALLOWAY.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,—
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway!
Through many a far-famed sire;
So ran the far-famed Roman way,—
So ended—in a mire!

TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS
RESENTMENT.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,—
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

YE true 'Loyal Natives,' attend to my song;
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

ON A SUICIDE.

EARTHED up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble:
Poór silly wretch! he's damned himsel'
To save the Lord the trouble.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD.

BLESS the Redeemer, Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too, must rise;

For had he said, 'The soul alone
From death I will deliver;'
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever!

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS.

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun;
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

THE POEMS OF

And Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

THE TOAST.

FILL me with the rosy wine ;
Call a toast—a toast divine ;
Give the poet's darling flame,—
Lovely Jessy be the name ;
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON THE SICKNESS OF MISS JESSY LEWARS.

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside ?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky ;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

TO MRS. C—,

ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH MORE.

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor !

Though sweetly female every part,
 Yet such a head, and more the heart,
 Does both the sexes honour.
 She showed her taste refined and just
 When she selected thee,
 Yet deviating, own I must,
 For so approving me.
 But kind still, I mind still
 The giver in the gift;
 I'll bless her, and wish her
 A Friend above the Lift.

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE.

A FRAGMENT,

On the defeat of the Austrians by Dumourier, at Gemappe.

THE black-headed eagle,
 As keen as a beagle,
 He hunted o'er height and owre howe;
 But fell in a trap
 On the braes o' Gemappe:
 E'en let him come out as he dowe.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.

HERE's a bottle and an honest friend!
 What wad you wish for mair, man?
 Wha kens, before his life may end,
 What his share may be of care, man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man:
 Believe me, Happiness is shy,
 And comes not aye when sought,

THE POEMS OF

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
 Who mad'st the sea and shore ;
 Thy goodness constantly we prove,
 And, grateful, would adore.

And if it please thee, Power above,
 Still grant us, with such store,
 The friend we trust, the fair we love,
 And we desire no more.

ANOTHER GRACE.

LORD, we thank an' thee adore,
 For temp'ral gifts we little merit ;
 At present we will ask no more, —
 Let William Hyslop give the spirit !

TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE STAR.'

DEAR Peter, dear Peter,
 We poor sons of metre
 Are aften negleckit, ye ken :
 For instance, your sheet, man,
 (Though glad I 'm to see 't, man,)
 I get no ae day in ten.

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
 That merit I deny :
 You save fair Jessy from the grave !
 An angel could not die.

THE PIPER.

THERE came a piper out o' Fife,
I wat na what they ca'd him;
He played our cousin Kate a spring
When fient a body bade him;
And aye the mair he hotched and blew
The mair that she forbade him.

THE BOOK-WORMS.

TROUGH and through the inspirèd leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs;
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

LINES WRITTEN AT LOUDON MANSE.

THE night was still, and o'er the hill
The moon shone on the castle wa';
The mavis sang, while dewdraps hang
Around her, on the castle wa'.

Sae merrily they danced the ring,
Frae e'enin' till the cock did crow;
And aye the o'erword o' the spring
Was, Irvine's bairns are bonnie

JENNY M'CRAW.

JENNY M'CRAW, she has ta'en to the heather,—
 Say, was it the Covenant carried her thither?
 Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane,
 Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en;
 My head and my heart now, quo' she, are at rest,
 And as for the lave, let the Deil do his best.

THE TWO LAWYERS.

LORD ADVOCATE.*

HE clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
 He quoted and he hinted,
 Till in a declamation mist
 His argument he tint it;
 He gapèd for 't, he grapèd for 't,
 He found it was awa', man;
 But what his common sense cam short,
 He ekèd out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

Collected Harry† stood a wee,
 Then opened out his arm, man;
 His lordship sat, wi' ruefu' ee,
 And eyed the gath'ring storm, man:
 Like wind-driven hail, it did assail,
 Or torrents o'er a linn, man;
 The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
 Half-wakened wi' the din, man.

* Mr. Hay Campbell. † Dean of Faculty.

TO A PAINTER,

WHOM HE FOUND PAINTING A PICTURE OF JACOB'S
DREAM.

DEAR —, I'll gie ye some advice,
You'll tak it no uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the Devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
Wi' Auld Nick there's less danger;
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth
As I this trifle send!
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold can never buy—
An honest bard's esteem.

TO THE SAME.

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of Care,
Nor ever Sorrow add one silver hair!
Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

THE POEMS OF

ON A SHEEP'S HEAD.

O LORD! when hunger pinches sore,
Do thou stand us in stead,
And send us from thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head!—Amen.

AFTER MEAT.

O LORD! since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit!—Amen.

TO A LADY,

WHO WAS LOOKING UP THE TEXT DURING SERMON.

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue:
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant—
Not angels such as you!

ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVOURITE
CHILD.

Now health forsakes that angel face,
Nae mair my dearie smiles;
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel Powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak for thee!
Ye heavens, how great is my despair!
How can I see him die!

EPITAPH ON ROBERT FERGUSON.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
‘No storied urn nor animated bust ;’
This simple stone directs pale Scotia’s way
To pour her sorrows o’er her Poet’s dust.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSON, THE
POET, IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR’S WORKS PRE-
SENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH
17, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man ! that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure !
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune !
By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM NICOL.

YE maggots, feast on Nicol’s brain,
For few sic feasts ye’ve gotten ;
And fix your claws in Nicol’s heart,
For deil a bit o’t’s rotten.

TO PEOPLE BOASTING OF THEIR GRAND
ACQUAINTANCES.

No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And in what lordly circles you’ve been ;
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the head of a qu

LINES WRITTEN ON A TUMBLER.

YOU'RE welcome, Willie Stewart ;
 You're welcome, Willie Stewart ;
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
 That's half sae welcome's thou art.

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,—
 The bowl we maun renew it ;
 The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben,
 To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack,—
 Ilk action may he rue it :
 May woman on him turn her back,
 That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart !

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
RUISSEAUX.*

Now Robin lies in his last lair,
 He'll gabble rhyme nor sing nae mair ;
 Cauld Poverty, wi' hungry stare,
 Nae mair shall fear him ;
 Nor anxious Fear, nor cankert Care,
 E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him,
 Except the moment that they crusht him :
 For sune as Chance or Fate had husht 'em,
 Though e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
 And thought it sport.

* Fr. rivulets ; i.e. Burns.

Though he was bred to kintra wark,
And counted was baith wight and stark,
Yet that was never Robin's mark

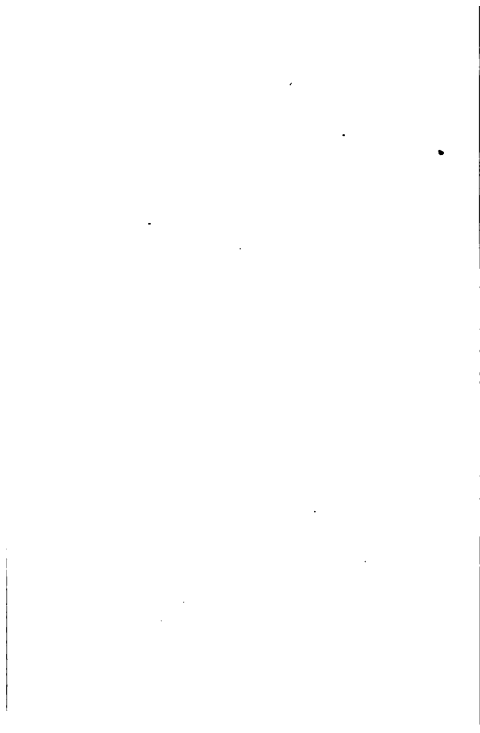
To mak a man;

But tell him he was learned and clark,
He roosed him than!

LINES TO JOHN RANKINE.*

He who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock haps his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

* Written by Burns on his death-bed, and sent to Adamhill after his death.



GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

Abeigh, <i>at a shy distance</i>	Athort, <i>athwart</i>
Aboon, <i>above</i>	Atween, <i>between</i>
Abread, <i>abroad</i>	Aught, <i>eight</i>
Adle, <i>putrid water</i>	Aughteen, <i>eighteen</i>
Ae, <i>one, only</i>	Aughtlins, <i>anything</i>
Aff, <i>off</i>	Auldfarran, <i>sagacious</i>
Aff-hand, <i>at once</i>	Aumous, <i>alms</i>
Aff-loof, <i>extempore</i>	Ava, <i>at all</i>
A-gley, <i>off the right line</i>	Awe, <i>to owe</i>
Aiblins, <i>perhaps</i>	Awee, <i>a little time</i>
Aik, <i>an oak</i>	Awnie, <i>bearded</i>
Ain, <i>own</i>	Ayont, <i>beyond</i>
Air, <i>early</i>	
Airl-penny, <i>earnest money</i>	Backets, <i>buckets</i>
Airles, <i>earnest money</i>	Bakes, <i>biscuits</i>
Airn, <i>iron</i>	Ballats, <i>ballads</i>
Airt, <i>direction</i>	Banes, <i>bones</i>
Aith, <i>an oath</i>	Bang, <i>a stroke</i>
Aits, <i>oats</i>	Bannet, <i>a bonnet</i>
Aiver, <i>an old horse</i>	Bannock, <i>a cake of oat-</i>
Aizle, <i>a hot cinder</i>	<i>meal bread</i>
Ajee, <i>to the one side</i>	Barkit, <i>barked</i>
Alake! <i>alas!</i>	Barkin', <i>barking</i>
Ane, <i>one</i>	Barm, <i>yeast</i>
Ase, <i>ashes</i>	Batch, <i>a party</i>
Asklent, <i>aslant</i>	Batts, <i>the botts</i>
Asteer, <i>astir</i>	Bauckie-bird, <i>the h-</i>
A'thegither, <i>altogether</i>	Baudrons, <i>a cat</i>

- | | |
|--|---|
| Bauks, <i>cross-beams</i> | Blae, <i>blue, sharp, keen</i> |
| Bauk-en', <i>end of a bank or beam</i> | Blastie, <i>a term of contempt</i> |
| Baummy, <i>balmy</i> | Blastit, <i>blasted, withered</i> |
| Bawk, <i>open space in a cornfield</i> | Blate, <i>shamefaced</i> |
| Baws'nt, <i>a white stripe down the face</i> | Blaud, <i>to slap, a quantity</i> |
| Bawtie, <i>a dog</i> | Blaudin', <i>pelting</i> |
| Bear, <i>barley</i> | Blawn't, <i>had blown it</i> |
| Beets, <i>adds fuel to fire</i> | Bleerit, <i>bleared</i> |
| Beld, <i>bald</i> | Bleeze, <i>a blaze</i> |
| Bellum, <i>a noise</i> | Blellum, <i>an idle talking fellow</i> |
| Belyve, <i>by and by</i> | Blether, <i>the bladder, nonsense</i> |
| Ben, <i>into the spence or parlour</i> | Blethers, <i>nonsense</i> |
| Benmost bore, <i>innermost</i> | Blink, <i>a look, a short period</i> |
| Bicker, <i>a wooden dish</i> | Blinks, <i>smilingly</i> |
| Bid, <i>to wish</i> | Blinkers, <i>a term of contempt, pretty girls</i> |
| Bide, <i>to stand</i> | Blinkin, <i>smirking</i> |
| Biel, <i>a habitation</i> | Blirt and bleary, <i>fits of crying</i> |
| Bield, <i>shelter</i> | Blitter, <i>the mire snipe</i> |
| Bien, <i>plentiful</i> | Blue-gown, <i>a beggar</i> |
| Big, <i>to build</i> | Blume, <i>bloom</i> |
| Billie, <i>a good fellow</i> | Bluntie, <i>a sniveller</i> |
| Bings, <i>heaps</i> | Blypes, <i>large pieces</i> |
| Birk, <i>the birch</i> | Bocked, <i>vomited</i> |
| Birken shaw, <i>birch wood</i> | Boddle, <i>a small coin</i> |
| Birkie, <i>a spirited fellow</i> | Bogles, <i>ghosts</i> |
| Birring, <i>whirring</i> | Bonnie, <i>beautiful</i> |
| Birses, <i>bristles</i> | Bonnocks, <i>cakes of oatmeal bread</i> |
| Bit, <i>crisis</i> | Boortrees, <i>elder shrubs</i> |
| Bizzard gled, <i>a kite</i> | |
| izz, <i>a hustle</i> | |
| uck bonnet, <i>the elder</i> | |

- Boost, *must needs*
 Bore, *a hole or rent*
 Bouk, *a corpse*
 Bouses, *drinks*
 Bow-houghed, *crook-*
 thighed
 Bow-kail, *cabbage*
 Bow't, *crooked*
 Brae, *the slope of a hill*
 Braik, *a kind of harrow*
 Braing't, *reeled forward*
 Brankie, *well attired*
 Branks, *wooden curb for*
 horses
 Brany, *brandy*
 Brash, *sickness*
 Brats, *rags*
 Brattle, *a short race*
 Braw, *handsome*
 Brawly, *perfectly*
 Braxies, *morbid sheep*
 Brechan, *a horse-collar*
 Breckan, *fern*
 Bree, *juice, liquid*
 Breeks, *breeches*
 Brent, *straight, smooth*
 Brewin, *brewing*
 Brief, *a writing*
 Brig, *bridge*
 Brock, *a badger*
 Brogue, *a trick*
 Broo, *water, broth*
 Browster-wives, *ale-house*
 wives
 Brugh, *burgh*
 Brughs, *boroughs*
 Brulzie, *a broil*
 Brunstane, *brimstone*
 Brunt, *burned*
 Brust, *burst*
 Buff, *to beat*
 Bughtin-time, *the time of*
 collecting the sheep to
 be milked
 Buirdly, *strong, well-knit*
 Bum-clock, *a beetle*
 Bumming, *making a noise*
 like a bee
 Bummler, *a blunderer*
 Bunker, *a chest*
 Burdies, *damsels*
 Bure, *bore, did bear*
 Burnewin, *a blacksmith*
 Bur-thistle, *the spear-*
 thistle
 Busking, *dressing*
 Buskit, *dressed*
 Busks, *adorns*
 Buss, *a bush*
 Bussle, *a bustle*
 But, *without*
 But an' ben, *kitchen and*
 parlour
 By attour, *in the neigh-*
 bourhood, outside
 Byke, *a multitude, a*
 bee-hive
 Ca' throu', *to push for-*
 ward

Cadger, <i>a carrier</i>	Chittering, <i>trembling</i>
Cadie, <i>a fellow</i>	<i>with cold</i>
Caff, <i>chaff</i>	Chows, <i>chews</i>
Cairds, <i>tinkers</i>	Chuffie, <i>fat-faced</i>
Callans, <i>boys</i>	Clachan, <i>a hamlet</i>
Caller, <i>fresh</i>	Clamb, <i>clomb</i>
Callet, <i>a trull</i>	Clankie, <i>a sharp stroke</i>
Cankrie, <i>cankered</i>	Clap, <i>a clapper</i>
Cannie, <i>carefully, softly</i>	Clark, <i>clerkly</i>
Cannilie, <i>dexterously</i>	Clarkit, <i>wrote</i>
Cantie, <i>in high spirits</i>	Clarty, <i>dirty</i>
Cantrip, <i>a charm, a spell</i>	Clash, <i>idle talk</i>
Cape-stane, <i>cope-stone</i>	Clatter, <i>to talk idly; kin-</i>
Careerin, <i>cheerfully</i>	<i>tra clatter, talk of the</i>
Carl, <i>a carle</i>	<i>country</i>
Carlin, <i>an old woman</i>	Claught, <i>caught</i>
Cartes, <i>cards</i>	Claughtin', <i>the catching</i>
Caudrons, <i>cauldrons</i>	<i>greedily</i>
Cauf, <i>a calf</i>	Claut, <i>to snatch at</i>
Cauk and keel, <i>chalk and</i>	Clautet, <i>scraped</i>
<i>red clay</i>	Clavers, <i>idle stories</i>
Caups, <i>wooden drinking</i>	Claw, <i>scratch</i>
<i>vessels</i>	Clean, <i>handsome</i>
Causey, <i>causeway</i>	Cleckin, <i>a brood</i>
Cavie, <i>a hen-coop</i>	Cleed, <i>to clothe</i>
Chamer, <i>chamber</i>	Cleek, <i>to seize</i>
Change-house, <i>a tavern</i>	Clegs, <i>gad-flies</i>
Chap, <i>a fellow</i>	Clink, <i>to rhyme, money</i>
Chapman, <i>a pedlar</i>	Clinkin, <i>sitting down</i>
Chaup, <i>a blow</i>	<i>suddenly</i>
Cheek for chow, <i>cheek by</i>	Clinkumbell, <i>church bell-</i>
<i>jowl</i>	<i>ringer</i>
Cheep, <i>chirp</i>	Clips, <i>shears</i>
Cheerfu', <i>cheerful</i>	Clishmaclaver, <i>idle con-</i>
<i>young fellows</i>	<i>versation</i>

- Clockin-time, *hatching-time*
 Cloot, *the hoof*
 Clootie, *Satan*
 Clours, *bumps or swellings after a blow*
 Clouts, *clothes*
 Clout, *to patch*
 Clud, *a cloud*
 Cluds, *multitudes*
 Clue, *a portion of cloth or yarn*
 Clunk, *the sound of half empty vessels*
 Coble, *a fishing-boat*
 Cock, *to erect*
 Cod, *a pillow*
 Coft, *bought*
 Cog, *a wooden dish*
 Coila, *Kyle, a district of Ayrshire*
 Collieshangie, *a quarrel*
 Commans, *commandments*
 Cood, *the cud*
 Coofs, *fools, ninnies*
 Cookit, *appeared and disappeared by fits*
 Coost, *did cast*
 Cootie, *a wooden kitchen dish*
 Corbies, *crows*
 Corn't, *fed with oats*
 Corss, *the market-place*
 Counted, *considered*
 Couthie, *kindly, loving*
 Cowe, *to terrify*
 Cowp the cran, *to tumble over*
 Cowpit, *tumbled*
 Cowt, *a colt*
 Crack, *a story or harangue, talk*
 Craft, *a croft*
 Craft rig, *a croft ridge*
 Craig, *the throat*
 Craigs, *crag*
 Craiks, *landrails*
 Crambo-clink, *rhymes*
 Crambo-jingle, *rhymes*
 Crankous, *irritated*
 Cranreuch, *hoar frost*
 Creel, *my senses* *wad be in a creel, to be crazed, fascinated*
 Creepie-chair, *stool of repentance*
 Creeshie, *greasy*
 Crocks, *old sheep*
 Croods, *coos*
 Crooded, *cooed*
 Crouchie, *crook-backed*
 Crouse, *gleefully, with spirit*
 Crowdie, *porridge*
 Crowdie-time, *breakfast-time*
 Crummock, *a staff with a crooked head*
 Crump, *crisp*

- Crunt, *a blow on the head with a cudgel*
 Cuifs, *blockheads, ninnies*
 Cunnin, *cunning*
 Curch, *a female head-dress*
 Curmurring, *a rumbling*
 Curpin, *the crupper*
 Curple, *the crupper*
 Cushats, *wood-pigeons*
 Custock, *the centre of a stem of cabbage*
 Cutty, *short, bob-tailed*

 Daffin, *merriment*
 Daimen icker, *an ear of corn now and then*
 Dam, *water*
 Danton, *to subdue*
 Dang, *knocked, pushed*
 Dappl't, *dappled*
 Darklins, *darkling*
 Daud, *to felt*
 Daur, *to dare*
 Daut, *to fondle*
 Dautit, *fondled, caressed*
 Daurk, *a day's labour*
 Daviely, *spiritless*
 Davie's, *King David's*
 Daw, *dawn; dawning, dawning*
 Dawds, *lumps, large pieces*
 Dead-sweer, *little inclined*

 Deave, *to deafen*
 Deils, *devils*
 Deuk, *a duck*
 Devel, *a stunning blow*
 Diddle, *to strike or jog*
 Dight, *cleaned from chaff, to wipe away*
 Din, *dun in colour*
 Dine, *dinner-time*
 Ding, *to surpass, be pushed or upset*
 Dings, *knocks*
 Dink, *neat, trim*
 Dirl, *a vibrating blow, to vibrate*
 Dirled, *executed with spirit*
 Dizzie, *dizzy*
 Dochter, *daughter*
 Doited, *stupefied*
 Donsie, *unlucky*
 Dooked, *ducked*
 Dools, *sorrows*
 Doos, *pigeons*
 Dorty, *supercilious, huffy*
 Douce, *grave, sober*
 Doudled, *dandled*
 Dought, *could, might*
 Doup, *the backside*
 Doup-skelper, *one that strikes the tail*
 Dour, *stubborn*
 Douser, *more decorous*
 Dow, *do, can*
 Dowff, *pithless, silly*

Dowie, <i>low-spirited</i>	Dusht, <i>pushed by a ram or ox</i>
Downa do, <i>impotence</i>	Dyvors, <i>bankrupts, disreputable fellows</i>
Doylt, <i>stupid</i>	Earns, <i>eagles</i>
Doytin, <i>walking stupidly</i>	Eastlin, <i>eastern</i>
Dozened, <i>impotent, torpid</i>	Ee, <i>eye</i>
Dozin, <i>stupefied, impotent</i>	Eerie, <i>scared, dreading spirits</i>
Drants, <i>sour humours</i>	Eild, <i>age</i>
Draunting, <i>drawling</i>	Eldritch, <i>frightful</i>
Dree, <i>to endure</i>	Eleckit, <i>elected</i>
Dreeping, <i>dripping</i>	Eller, <i>an elder</i>
Dreigh, <i>tedious</i>	Erse, <i>Gaelic</i>
Dribble, <i>drizzle</i>	Ether-stane, <i>adder-stone</i>
Driddle, <i>to play, to move slowly</i>	Ettle, <i>design</i>
Drift, <i>a drove. Fell aff the drift, wandered from his companions</i>	Eydent, <i>diligent</i>
Droddum, <i>the breech</i>	Fa', <i>lot</i>
Drone, <i>the bagpipe</i>	Faikit, <i>bated</i>
Droop-rumpl't, <i>droop at the crupper</i>	Fair-fa', <i>a benediction</i>
Drouk, <i>to moisten</i>	Fairin, <i>a present, a reward</i>
Droukit, <i>wet, drenched</i>	Farls, <i>cakes of oat-bread</i>
Drouth, <i>thirst</i>	Fash, <i>trouble</i>
Drumly, <i>muddy</i>	Fashous, <i>troublesome</i>
Drummock, <i>raw meal and water</i>	Fatt'rels, <i>ribbon-ends</i>
Drunt, <i>pet, sour humour</i>	Faulding slap, <i>the gate of the fold</i>
Dubs, <i>small ponds</i>	Fautor, <i>a transgressor</i>
Duds, <i>garments</i>	Fawsont, <i>seemly</i>
Duddie, <i>ragged</i>	Feat, <i>spruce</i>
Dung, <i>knocked</i>	Fecht, <i>to fight</i>
Dunted, <i>beat, thumped</i>	Feck, <i>the greater</i>
Dunts, <i>blows, knocks</i>	

- Feckly, *mostly*
 Fecket, *an under waist-coat with sleeves*
 Feckless, *powerless*
 Feide, *feud*
 Feirie, *clever*
 Fell, *the flesh under the skin, keen, biting, nippy, tasty*
 Fen, *a successful struggle, a shift*
 Ferlie, *to wonder, a term of contempt*
 Fetch't, *pulled intermittently*
 Fey, *predestined*
 Fidge, *to fidget*
 Fidgin-fain, *eagerness, fidgeting*
 Fiel, *soft, smooth*
 Fient, *an oath*
 Fier, *healthy, sound*
 Fiere, *friend, comrade*
 Fissle, *to fidget*
 Fittle-lan, *the near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough*
 Fizz, *a hissing noise like fermentation* [ing
 Flaffan, *flapping, flutter-*
 Flang, *did fling or caper*
 Fleeched, *supplicated*
 Fleesh, *a fleece*
 Fleg, *a kick, a random stroke, a sudden motion*
 Fleth'rin, *flattering*
 Flewit, *a sharp blow*
 Fleyed, *scared*
 Flichterin', *fluttering*
 Flinging, *capering*
 Flingin-tree, *a flail*
 Fliskit, *fretted*
 Flit, *remove*
 Flyte, *to scold*
 Fodgel, *squat or plump*
 Foor, *to fare*
 Foorsday, *late in the afternoon*
 Forbears, *forefathers*
 Forbye, *besides*
 Forfairn, *worn-out, jaded*
 Forfoughten, *fatigued*
 Forgather, *to make acquaintance*
 Forjesket, *jaded with fatigue*
 Foughten, *troubled*
 Fouth, *an abundance*
 Frammit, *estranged*
 Freath, *to froth*
 Fremit, *strange, foreign*
 Fud, *the scut of the hare*
 Fuff't, *did blow*
 Furder, *furtherance*
 Furms, *wooden forms or seats*
 Furr-ahin, *the hindmost horse on the right hand of the plough*
 Furrs, *furrows*

- Fushionless, *pithless*
 Fy, *an exclamation of haste*
 Fyke, *to be in a fuss about trifles*
 Fyle, *to soil or dirty*
 Gab, *to speak fluently, the mouth*
 Gabs, *tongues*
 Gaets, *manners*
 Gairs, *pieces of cloth at the bottom of a shift*
 Gangrel, *vagrant*
 Gapin', *gaping*
 Gar, *to make*
 Gar't, *made*
 Gash, *sagacious*
 Gashin, *conversing*
 Gat, *got*
 Gate, *manner, way or road*
 Gatty, *gouty*
 Gaucie, *comfortable looking*
 Gaud, *the plough shaft*
 Gaudsman, *a ploughboy*
 Gaunted, *yawned*
 Gawcie, *jolly, large*
 Gawkies, *foolish persons*
 Gaylies, *pretty well*
 Gear, *wealth, goods*
 Geck, *to toss the head*
 Geds, *pike*
 Gentles, *great folks*
 Genty, *slender*
 Geordie, *George*
 Get, *offspring*
 Gif, *if*
 Giglets, *playful children*
 Gillie, *dim. of gill*
 Gilpey, *a young girl*
 Gimmer, *a ewe from one to two years old*
 Gin, *if*
 Girdle, *a plate of iron for toasting cakes*
 Girn, *to grin*
 Girrs, *hoops*
 Gizz, *a wig*
 Glaikit, *thoughtless*
 Glaizie, *glittering*
 Glamor, *glamour*
 Glaumed, *grasped*
 Gled, *a kite*
 Gleed, *a live coal*
 Gleg, *sharp, cleverly, swiftly*
 Gleib, *a glebe*
 Glif-gabbet, *that speaks smoothly and readily*
 Glinted, *glanced*
 Gloamin', *twilight*
 Glowran, *staring*
 Glunch, *a frown*
 Goavan, *staring stupidly*
 Gowan, *the daisy*
 Gowd, *gold*
 Gowfied, *knocked and thither*

Gowk, <i>a foolish person</i>	Haddin, <i>holding, inheritance</i>
Gowling, <i>howling</i>	Haet, <i>the least thing;</i>
Graff, <i>a grave</i>	deil haet, <i>an oath of</i>
Grained, <i>grinned</i>	negation; damned haet,
Graip, <i>a pronged tool for</i>	<i>nothing</i>
<i>cleaning stables</i>	Haffets, <i>the temples</i>
Graith, <i>harness, field im-</i>	Hafflins, <i>partly</i>
<i>plements, accoutrements</i>	Hafflins-wise, <i>almost half</i>
Granes, <i>groans</i>	Hag, <i>a scar, or gulf in</i>
Grape, <i>to grope</i>	<i>mosses and moors</i>
Grat, <i>wept</i>	Haggis, <i>a pudding boiled</i>
Graunie, <i>grandmother</i>	<i>in the stomach of a cow</i>
Gree, <i>a prize, to agree</i>	<i>or sheep</i>
Greet, <i>to weep</i>	Hain, <i>to spare, to save</i>
Griens, <i>covets, longs for</i>	Hairst, <i>harvest</i>
Grippet, <i>gripped, caught</i>	Haith, <i>a petty oath</i>
<i>hold of</i>	Haivers, <i>idle talk</i>
Grissle, <i>gristle</i>	Hald, <i>an abiding-place</i>
Grozet, <i>a gooseberry</i>	Hale, <i>whole, entire</i>
Grumphie, <i>the sow</i>	Haly, <i>holy</i>
Gruntle, <i>the countenance,</i>	Hallan, <i>a partition wall</i>
<i>a grunting noise</i>	<i>in a cottage</i>
Grunzie, <i>the mouth</i>	Hallions, <i>clowns</i>
Grushie, <i>thick, thriving</i>	Hallowmas, <i>the 31st of</i>
Grusome, <i>ill favoured</i>	<i>October</i>
Grutten, <i>wept</i>	Han' afore, <i>the foremost</i>
Gude, <i>the Supreme Being,</i>	<i>horse on the left hand</i>
<i>good</i>	<i>in the plough</i>
Guidfather, <i>father-in-law</i>	Han' ahin, <i>the hindmost</i>
Gully, <i>a large knife</i>	<i>horse on the left hand</i>
Gulravage, <i>riot</i>	<i>in the plough</i>
Gumlie, <i>muddy, dis-</i>	Hand-waled, <i>carefully</i>
<i>coloured</i>	<i>chosen by hand</i>
Wist, <i>tasteful</i>	Han't, <i>handed</i>
Wher, <i>grandfather</i>	

- Hansel, *a gift, the first money on any special occasion*
 Hap, *to wrap; winter hap, winter clothing*
 Hap, *hop*
 Happer, *a hopper*
 Happing, *hopping*
 Hap-step-an'-lowp, *hop, step, and jump*
 Harn, *yarn*
 Hash, *a soft, useless fellow*
 Hashed, *did smite, did disfigure*
 Haslock, *the finest wool, the lock that grows on the hals or throat of a sheep*
 Hauf, *the half*
 Haughs, *low-lying lands, meadows*
 Haurf, *to drag*
 Haurf, *drags*
 Haurlin', *peeling, dragging off*
 Hauver, *oatmeal*
 Havins, *good manners*
 Haverel, *half-witted*
 Hawkie, *a cow with a white face*
 Healsome, *wholesome*
 Heapet, *heaped*
 Hearse, *hoarse*
 Heartie, *dim. of heart*
 Hech, *an exclamation of wonder*
 Hecht, *foretold, offered*
 Hechtin', *making to pant*
 Heckle, *a board with pins, used in dressing hemp and flax*
 Hee balou, *a term used by nurses when lulling children*
 Heels-o'er-gowdy, *head over heels*
 Heeze, *to elevate, to hoist*
 Heft, *haft*
 Hein shinned, *in-shinned*
 Hellim, *the helm*
 Hen-broo, *hen-broth*
 Herriet, *harried*
 Herrin', *herring*
 Herryment, *plundering, devastation*
 Het, *hot*
 Heugh, *a coal pit, a steep*
 Heuk, *a reaping-hook*
 Hich, *high*
 Hilch, *to hobble*
 Hilchin', *halting*
 Hiltie skiltie, *helter skelter*
 Hing, *to hang*
 Hirples, *walks with difficulty*
 Hissels, *hissel, so many cattle as one can attend*
 Histie, *dry, barren*

- Hitch, *a loop or knot*
 Hizzies, *young women*
 Hoast, *a cough*
 Hoble, *to hobble*
 Hoddin, *the motion of a man on horseback*
 Hoggie, *a young sheep after it is smeared and before it is shorn*
 Hog-score, *a distance-line across a curling rink*
 Hog-shouter, *a horse-play, justling with the shoulder*
 Hol't, *holed, perforated*
 Hoodie-craw, *the hooded crow*
 Hoodock, *miserly*
 Hool, *the outer skin or case*
 Hoolie! *stop!*
 Horn, *a spoon made of horn, a comb made of horn*
 Hornie, *Satan*
 Hotched, *figged*
 Houghmagandie, *fornication*
 Houlets, *owls*
 Hoved, *swelled*
 Howdie, *a midwife*
 Howe, *hollowly, a hollow or dell*
 Howe-backit, *sunk in the back*
 Howes, *hollows*
 Howkit, *digged, dug up*
 Hoyse, *hoist*
 Hoy't, *urged*
 Hoyte, *to amble crazily*
 Hughoc, *Hugh*
 Hunder, *a hundred*
 Hunkers, *hams*
 Hurcheon, *a hedgehog*
 Hurchin, *an urchin*
 Hurdies, *hips*
 Hushion, *a cushion*
 Hyte, *mad*
 Icker, *an ear of corn*
 Ier-oe, *a great-grand-child*
 Ilk, or ilka, *each, every*
 Ill-willie, *ill-natured, malicious, niggardly*
 Ingine, *genius, ingenuity*
 Ingle, *fire, fire-place; ingle cheek, chimney-corner*
 Ise, *I shall or will*
 Ither, *other, one another*
 Jad, or jaud, *jade; a giddy young girl*
 Jag, *a puncture; to prick*
 Jauk, *to dally, to trifle*
 Jaup, *a splash, a jerk of water; jumlie jaups, disturbed fluids*
 Jaw, *coarse raillery*

- Jillett, *a jilt; a giddy girl*
 Jimp, *to jump; slender, handsome; scanty*
 Jink, *to dodge, turn a corner, a sudden turning*
 Jirk, jirt, *a jerk*
 Jocteleg, *a clasp-knife*
 Jo, joe, *a lover*
 Jouk, *to stoop, to bow the head; to conceal*
 Jow, *to jow, the sound of a large bell*
 Jundie, *to drive against*

 Kae, *a daw*
 Kail, *kale, broth*
 Kail-runt, *stem of kale*
 Kain, kane, *fowls, etc., paid as rent by a farmer*
 Kebars, *rafters*
 Kebbuck, *a cheese*
 Keckle, *cackle; laugh*
 Keek, *a peep; to peep.*
 Kelpies, *spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries*
 Ken, *to know; ken't, known*
 Kennin', *a small matter*
 Kenspeckle, *easily known*
 Ket, *fleece*
 Kilt, *to truss up the clothes*
 Kimmer, cummer, *a girl, gossip; common woman*
 King's-hood, *part of the entrails of the ox*
 Kintra, kintrie, *country*
 Kintra-cooser, *a stallion*
 Kirk, *church, chapel*
 Kirn, *the harvest supper; a churn*
 Kirsen, *to christen*
 Kist, *a chest*
 Kitchen, *seasoning, savoury accompaniment*
 Kittle, *to tickle, ticklish; slippery, coquettish*
 Kitlen, *a young cat*
 Knaggy, knotty, *showing the bones*
 Knappin'-hammer, *hammer for breaking stones*
 Knowe, *a round hillock*
 Knurl, *dwarf*
 Knurled, *gnarled, knotty*
 Kuittle, *to cuddle*
 Kurtchie, *a curtsey*
 Kye, *cows; buckskin-kye, buffaloes*
 Kyte, *the belly*
 Kythe, *to show one's self*

 Labour, *thrash, beat; try*
 Lade, *a load*
 Laddie, *lad, boy*
 Lads, *lovers*
 Laggen, *the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish*

- Laigh, *low*
 Lair (last), *burial-place*
 Laird, *landlord; chief-tain, lord of the manor*
 Lairing, *sink in snow*
 Laith, *loath*
 Laithfu', *bashful*
 Lallans, *Lowlands; Scottish dialect*
 Lambie, *dim. of lamb*
 Lampit, *limpet, shellfish*
 Lan', *land, estate; lan'-afore, foremost plough-horse; lan'-ahin', the hindmost one*
 Lane, *lone*
 Lang, *long, to weary*
 Lap, *did leap*
 Lave, *the rest, remainder*
 Laverock, *the lark; lave-rock-height, the clouds*
 Law, *a hill*
 Lawin', *reckoning*
 Lay, or ley, *lea; pasture ground, unploughed*
 Leal, *loyal, true*
 Lea-rig, *grassy ridge*
 Lear, or lair, *learning*
 Leddy, *lady*
 Lee, *a lie*
 Lee-lang, *live-long*
 Leesome, *pleasant*
 Laze-me, *a phrase of enrment, I am happy roud of thee*
 Leister, *three-pronged fish-dart*
 Leugh, *did laugh*
 Leuk, *a look; to look*
 Libbet, *gelded*
 Lick, *a blow; licket, licked; beaten*
 Liein, *lying*
 Lift, *sky, firmament*
 Lightly, *to undervalue; sneeringly*
 Lilt, *a ballad, tune; to sing*
 Limmer, *a strumpet*
 Link, *to trip along*
 Linn, *a waterfall, precipice*
 Lint, *flax; lint i' the bell, flax in flower*
 Lintwhite, *linnet; flaxen*
 Lippened, *trusted to*
 Loan, or loaning, *place of milking*
 Loch, *lake; sea inlet*
 Loof, *palm of the hand*
 Loot, *did let; let fly*
 Looves, *plural of loof*
 Loon, *a ragamuffin; woman of easy virtue*
 Loup, *jump, leap*
 Lowe, *a flame; lowan, blazing*
 Lowrie, *Lawrence*
 Lowse, *to loose*
 Lucky, *mother*

- Lug, *the ear, a handle*
 Lugget, *having a handle*
 Luggie, *hooped wooden dish with a handle*
 Lum, *the chimney*
 Lunardi, *a high-crowned lady's bonnet, so termed after the Italian aeronaut*
 Lunt, *a column of smoke; to smoke*
 Luve, *love; lover, lover*
 Lyart, *silvery; light coloured; grey; sere*

 Mae, *mair, more*
 Maist, *most; 'maist, almost*
 Maistly, *mostly*
 Mailen, *farm; estate*
 Mallie, *Molly, Mary*
 'Mang, *among*
 Manse, *minister's house*
 Manteele, *a mantle*
 Marled, *party-coloured*
 Mar's year, *the year 1715*
 Mashlum, *mixed corn*
 Mask, *to mash; to infuse*
 Maskin-pot, *a tea-pot*
 Maukin, *a hare*
 Maun, *must; maunna, may not*
 Maut, *malt; groanin' maut, liquor for a lying-in or christening*
 Mavis, *the thrush*
 Maw, *mow; mawn, mown*
 Meere, *a mare*
 Meikle, or mickle, *much*
 Melancholious, *mournful*
 Melder, *corn or grain sent to be ground*
 Mell, *to meddle, associate with; a mallet*
 Melvie, *to soil with meal*
 Men', *to mend, amend*
 Mense, *good manners*
 Menseless, *ill-bred, rude*
 Merle, *a blackbird*
 Messin, *a small dog of mixed breed*
 Mess John, *a clergyman, the parish priest*
 Midden, *a dunghill*
 Midden - creels, *dung-baskets*
 Midden-hole, *pit at the bottom of a dunghill*
 Mim, *prim, affectedly meek*
 Min', *mind, resemblance*
 Mind't, *mind it, resolved, intending*
 Minnie, *mother, dam*
 Mirk, *murky, murkiness; dark, darkness*
 Misca', *to abuse, call names*
 Mischanter, *evil accident*

- Misleared, *mischievous, unmannerly; astray*
 Misteuk, *mistook*
 Mither, *mother*
 Mixtie-maxtie, *jumbled*
 Moil, *labour*
 Moistify, *to moisten*
 Mony, or monie, *many*
 Mool, *mould, earth; raked in the mooks, buried*
 Moop, *to nibble as sheep*
 Moorlan', *of or belonging to moors*
 Morn, *next day, to-morrow*
 Motty, *full of motes*
 Mou', *the mouth*
 Moudiewort, *a mole*
 Muckle, *great, big, much*
 Muir, *a moor*
 Muses'-stank, *Helicon*
 Musie, *dim. of muse*
 Muslin-kail, *thin and poor vegetable broth*
 Mutchkin, *nearly an English pint*
 Mystic-knot, *conclave of gossips*
 Na, *no, not, nor; nae, no, not any*
 Naig, *a horse, a nag*
 Nane, *none*
 Nappy, *ale*
 Near-hand, *nearly*
 Neebor, *neighbour*
 Negleckit, *neglected*
 Neuk, *nook, corner*
 Nick, *to cut*
 Nicket, *cut off*
 Niest, or neist, *next*
 Nieve, *the fist*
 Niffer, *an exchange*
 Nit, *a nut*
 Nocht, *nothing*
 Nowte, *black cattle*
 Ochils, *name of mountains*
 O haith! *O faith!*
 Oe, *grandchild; ier-oe, great-grandchild*
 O'erword, *phrase or sentiment continually recurring*
 Ony, or onie, *any*
 Orra, *superfluous; orra things, stray articles*
 Oughtlins, *in least degree*
 Ourie, *shivering, drooping*
 Outlers, *outliers, cattle not housed*
 Out-ower, *over, across*
 Owre, *over, upon, too*
 Owre-hip, *a blow with the hammer over the arm*
 Owsen, *oxen*

- Pack, *intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool*
 Paidl't, *waded, splashed about; crawling walk*
 Painch, *paunch*
 Patrick, *a partridge*
 Pang, *to cram*
 Parle, *speech*
 Parritch, *oatmeal pudding*
 Pat, *did put; a pot*
 Pattle, or pettle, *a plough-scraper*
 Paughty, *proud, haughty*
 Pawky, pauky, or pawkie, *cunning, sly*
 Pay't, *paid, beat; pay their skin, beat them*
 Pech, *to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma*
 Pechan, *the stomach*
 Pettle, *to cherish*
 Philipeg, *the hilt*
 Phraise, *fair speeches, to flatter; phraisin', flattery*
 Pibroch, *Celtic war-song*
 Pickle, *a small quantity*
 Pigmy-scraper, *a bad fiddler*
 Piles, *grains, particles*
 Pin, *a wooden skewer*
 Pine, *pain, uneasiness*
 Pint (Scots), *nearly two English quarts*
 Pit, *to put*
 Placad, *public call*
 Plack, *an old Scottish coin, of small value*
 Plackless, *pennyless*
 Plaid, *plaidie, an outer loose garment*
 Platie, *dim. of plate*
 Plea, *quarrel, lawsuit*
 Plew, or pleugh, *a plough*
 Pliskie, *a trick*
 Pliver, *a plover*
 Plot, *offence, trick*
 Pock, *a bag, a small sack*
 Poind, *to seize on cattle; take goods in execution*
 Poortith, *poverty*
 Posie, *a nosegay, garland*
 Pouk, *to pluck at*
 Pousse, pouse, *to push, to penetrate*
 Poussie, *a hare; a cat*
 Pout, powt, *a poult, a chick*
 Pow, *the head, the skull*
 Pownie, *pony*
 Powther, pouter, *powder; pouthery, powdery*
 Preen, *a pin*
 Prent, *print; printing*
 Prie, *to taste; prie't, tasted*
 Prief, *proof*
 Prig, *to cheapen, to dispute; priggin, haggling*

- Primsie, *demure, precise*
 Propone, *to lay down, to propose*
 Pu', *to pull*; pu't, *pulled*
 Puir, *poor*
 Pund, *pound*
 Pyet, *magpie*
 Pyke, *pick*
 Pyle, *a single grain*
 Quak, *quake*; cry of a duck
 Quat, *to quit*; quitted
 Quey, *a cow from one to two years old*
 Ragweed, *herb ragwort*
 Raible, *to rattle nonsense*
 Rair, *to roar*; *to lament*
 Raize, *to madden, inflame*
 Ram-feezeled, *overpowered, fatigued*
 Ram-stam, *headlong, forward, thoughtless*
 Randy, *a scold, a jade*; *brutal fellow*; randie gangrels, *sturdy trampers*
 Rantin', *ranting*; romping, *frolicking*
 Rape, *a rope*
 Raploch, *properly a coarse cloth, but used generally for coarse*
 Rase, *raise, did rise*
 Rash, *a rush*; rash-buss, *a tuft of rushes*
 Ratton, *a rat*
 Raucle, *stout, fearless*
 Raught, *reached*
 Raw, *a row*
 Rax, *to stretch*; *puff out*
 Ream, *cream*; *to cream, foam*
 Reamin, *brimful, frothing*
 Reave, *take by force*
 Reck, *to heed*
 Red, *to warn*
 Red peats, *burning turf*
 Rede, *counsel, to counsel*
 Red-wat-shod, *walking in blood over shoe-tops*
 Red-wud, *stark mad*
 Ree, *half drunk*; *fuddled*
 Reek, *smoke*; reekit, *smoky*
 Reestit, *stood, restive*; *also stunted, withered*; *smoke dried*
 Remead, *remedy*
 Rest, *to stand restive*
 Restricked, *restricted*
 Rew, *relent, repent*
 Riddle, *a sieve*
 Rief, *reef, plunder*; *plenty*
 Rief randies, *sturdy beggars*; *ruffians*

- Rickles, *shocks of grain*
 Rig, *a ridge; hained-rig, reserved grassy corner*
 Riggin, *roof, rafters*
 Rigwoodie, *long, gaunt*
 Rin, *to run, to melt*
 Rink, *the course of the stones in curling*
 Rip, ripp, *a handful of unthrashed corn*
 Ripple, *a blow*
 Riskit, *a wrenching noise*
 Rive, *to tear, pluck*
 Rock, or roke, *distaff*
 Rockin', *spinning on the distaff; a friendly meeting, for work and pleasure*
 Roose, *to praise*
 Roun', *round*
 Roupet, *hoarse from thirst, or a cold*
 Routhie, *plentiful*
 Rowe, *row; to roll, wrap*
 Rowt, *to low, to bellow*
 Rowth, or routh, *plenty*
 Rozet, *rosin*
 Rung, *a cudgel*
 Runkled, *wrinkled*
 Runt, *the stem of kail or cabbage*
 Ruth, *sorrow*
 Ryke, *reach*
 Sae, *so*
 Sabbin, *sobbing; commingling*
 Sair, ser'e, *to serve; sair, a sore; unlucky; sair-won, hard-earned*
 Sairly, or sairlie, *sorely*
 Sair't, *served*
 Sark, *a shirt or shift; half-sarkit, poorly clad*
 Saugh, *the willow*
 Saumont, *salmon*
 Saunt, *a saint*
 Saut, salt; sautit, salted; saut-basket, salt-box
 Saw, *to sow; sawin', sowing*
 Scaith, or skaith, *to damage, to injure*
 Scar, *to scare; scaur, foot of a precipice*
 Scaud, *to scald*
 Scauld, *to scold*
 Scaur, *apt to be scared*
 Scawl, or scaul, *a scold*
 Scone, *a kind of bread*
 Sconner, scunner, *a loathing; to loathe*
 Scaich, skreigh, *to scream*
 Screed, *to tear; a rent; detached portion*
 Scriechin, *shrieking, grating noise*
 Scrieve, *to glide swiftly*
 Scrimp, *to scant; scrimply, scarcely*

- Seam, *needlework*
 Sel', *self*
 Sell't, *did sell*
 Semple folk, *common people*
 Session, kirk session, *petty spiritual court*
 Sets, *sets off, goes away*
 Settlin', *settling; to get a settlin', to be frightened into quietness*
 Shaird, *a shred, a shard*
 Shackl't, *mis-shapen*
 Shame, think, *be ashamed*
 Shangan, *a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog into*
 Shaul, *shallow*
 Shaver, *a humorous wag; a barber*
 Shavie, *a trick*
 Shaw, *to show; a wood in a hollow place*
 Shearer, *a reaper; shearing, reaping corn*
 Sheen, *bright, shining*
 Sheepshank, *to think one's self nae sheepshank, to be conceited*
 Sherra-Muir, *battle of Sherrieffmuir, fought 1715 (Mar's-year)*
 Sheugh, *a ditch, trench, sluice*
 Shiel, *a shepherd's shed*
 Shill, *shrill*
 Shog, *a shock; a push off at one side*
 Shool, *a shovel*
 Shoon, *shoes*
 Shore, *to grant, deal out; to offer; to threaten*
 Shouter, *shoulder*
 Sic, *such*
 Sicker, *sure, steady, firm*
 Sidelins, *sidelong, slanting*
 Silken snood, *virgin's fillet*
 Siller, *silver; money*
 Silly, *weak, frail, helpless*
 Simmer, *summer*
 Sin, *a son*
 Sin', *since; sinsyne, since that time*
 Skaith, *harm, damage*
 Skellum, *a reckless fellow*
 Skelp, *a slap; to strike; to walk briskly*
 Skelpie-limmer, *a young jade*
 Skelpin' on, *brisk motion*
 Skiegh, *skeigh, proud, nice, high-mettled; skittish*
 Skinklin, *thin, tinselly*
 Skinking ware, *trashy*
 Skirl, *shriek, cry shrilly*
 Skirl't, *shrieked*

- Sklent, *slant; to run
aslant, to deviate from
truth*
 Skreigh, *a scream, also
to scream; to neigh*
 Skyte, *a blast*
 Slac, *sloe*
 Slade, *did slide*
 Slap, *gate, breach in a
fence*
 Slaps, *slops, dregs, re-
mains*
 Slaw, *slow*
 Slee, *sly; slee'st, slyest*
 Sleekit, *sleek, sly*
 Slidderly, *slippery*
 Slogen, *to slake thirst*
 Slype, *to fall over*
 Slypet o'er, *slipped, fell*
 Smeddum, *powder; met-
tle; sense*
 Smeek, *smoke*
 Smiddy, *a smithy*
 Smoor, *to smother*
 Smoutie, *sooty; obscene*
 Smytrie, *a numerous
collection*
 Snapper, *stumble*
 Snash, *reprimand; abuse*
 Snaw, *snow; to snow*
 Snaw broo, *melting snow*
 Sneck, *snick, a latch*
 Sned, *to lop, to cut off*
 Sneeshin, *snuff*
 Sneeshin-mill, *a snuff-box*
 Snell, *bitter, biting*
 Snick-drawing, *tricky*
 Snirtle, *sneer*
 Snool, *to submit tamely;
to sneak*
 Snoove, *to go smoothly
and constantly; to
sneak*
 Sonnet, *a song*
 Snowk, *to scent or snuff
as a dog*
 Sonsie, *sweet, engaging,
comely, plump*
 Soom, *to swim*
 Sot, *a fool*
 Sooth, *truth, a petty oath*
 Sough, or sugh, *a sigh, a
sound dying on the ear*
 Souk, *suck, draught*
 Souple, *flexible, swift*
 Souter, *a cobbler, a shoe-
maker*
 Southron, *English*
 Sowens, *a dish of the seeds
of oatmeal soured*
 Sowp, *a spoonful*
 Sowth, *to try over a tune
with a low whistle*
 Sowther, *souther, solder;
to solder, cement, recon-
cile; to compensate*
 Spae, *to prophecy, divine*
 Spak, *spoke*
 Spaul, *a limb*
 Spat, *spot*

- Spairge, *to sprinkle, asperse, dash; to soil*
 Spaviet, *having the spavin*
 Spean, *to wean, disgust*
 Speat, or spate, *a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw*
 Speel, *to climb*
 Spence, *inner room of a cot*
 Spier, *to ask, to inquire*
 Spier't, *inquired*
 Splatter, *a splutter; to splutter*
 Spleuchan, *a tobacco-pouch*
 Splore, *a frolic, noise, riot*
 Spouts, *leaps*
 Sprachle, *to scramble*
 Spreckled, *speckled*
 Spring, *a quick tune*
 Sprit, *a rush-like plant*
 Sprush, *spruce, smart*
 Spunk, *brimstone match; fire, mettle, wit*
 Spunkie, *mettlesome, fiery; will-o'-wisp, ignis fatuus*
 Spurtle, *a stick used in making hasty-pudding*
 Squad, *a crew, a party*
 Squatter, *to flutter as a wild duck*
 Squattle, *to squat, sprawl*
 Squeel, *a scream, a screech; to scream*
 Stacher, *to stagger*
 Stack, *rick of corn, hay*
 Staggie, *dim. of stag*
 Stalwart, *strong, stout*
 Stan', *to stand; stan't, did stand*
 Stane, *a stone*
 Stang, *sting, stung*
 Stank, *a pool of standing water; a wet ditch*
 Stap, *stop*
 Stark, *stout, potent*
 Starns, *starnies, stars*
 Startle, *to run as cattle stung by the gadfly*
 Staumrel, *a blockhead; half-witted creature*
 Staw, *did steal; a surfeit*
 Stech, *to cram the belly*
 Steek, *to shut; a stitch*
 Steer, *to molest; to stir*
 Steeve, *firm, compact*
 Stell, *a still*
 Sten, *to rear as a horse*
 Stents, *tribute, dues of any kind*
 Stey, *steep*
 Stibble, *stubble; stibble-rig, the leading reaper*
 Stick an' stowe, *totally*
 Stile, *a crutch; to halt, to limp*

- Stimpart, *the eighth part of a Winchester bushel*
 Stipend, *clergyman's pay*
 Stirk, *a cow or bullock a year old*
 Stock, *a plant or sprout of colewort, cabbage*
 Stoitered, *staggered, tottered*
 Stook, *a sheaf; stooked, made up in shocks*
 Stoor, *sounding hollow, strong and hoarse*
 Stound, *a numbing blow*
 Stot, *an ox*
 Stoup, or stowp, *a kind of jug with a handle*
 Stoure, or stour, *dust*
 Stowlins, *by stealth*
 Stown, *stolen*
 Stoyte, *stumbling walk*
 Strack, *did strike*
 Strae, *straw*
 Strafk, *stroke; did strike*
 Straikit, *stroked*
 Strathspey, *lively Highland tune or dance*
 Straught, *straight*
 Streek, *to stretch; streek-it, stretched*
 Striddle, *straddle*
 Stroan, *to spout*
 Strunt, *spirits; to walk sturdily; be piqued*
 Studdie, *an anvil*
 Sturt, *to trouble; sturtin, frightened*
 Sucker, *sugar*
 Sud, *should*
 Sumph, *a fool, stupid*
 Swaird, *sward*
 Swalled, *swelled*
 Swank, *stately, well built*
 Swankie, or swanker, *a strapping fellow or girl*
 Swarf, *swoon*
 Swat, *did sweat*
 Swatch, *a sample*
 Swats, *drink, ale*
 Sweer, *lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse*
 Swoor, *swore, did swear*
 Swinge, *to beat, to whip*
 Swirl, *a curve, an eddying blast or pool; knot in wood*
 Swirlie, *gnarled, knotty*
 Swith, *get away!*
 Swither, *hesitate in choice*
 Sybow, *thick-necked onion*
 Syne, *since, ago, then, afterwards*
 Tackets, *shoe-nails*
 Tack, *a lease*
 Tae, *a toe; three-taed, having three prongs*
 Thief, *foul, Satan*
 Tairge, *target, to examine*

- Tangle, *sea-weed*
 Tap, *the top*
 Tapetless, *heedless, foolish*
 Tapsalteerie, *topsy-turvy*
 Tarrow, *to murmur at one's allowance*
 Tarrow't, *murmured*
 Tarry-brecks, *a sailor*
 Tassie, *drinking-cup*
 Tauld, or tald, *told*
 Taupie, *a foolish young woman*
 Tauted, tawted, *matted*
 Tawie, *that allows itself peaceably to be handled*
 Teat, *a small quantity; a handful*
 Tedding, *spreading after the mower*
 Temper-pin, *part of a spinning-wheel*
 Ten-hour's-bite, *early bait*
 Tent, *a field pulpit; heed, caution; take heed*
 Tentie, *heedful, cautious*
 Tentless, *heedless*
 Tough, *tough*
 Thack, *thatch*
 Thae, thir, *these*
 Thaim, *them*
 Thairms, *fiddle-strings*
 Theekit, *thatched*
 Thegither, *together*
 Themsel', *themselves*
 Thick, *intimate, familiar*
 Thieveless, *cold, dry; said of the demeanour*
 Thirl, *to thrill*
 Thirled, *thrilled, vibrated*
 Thole, *to suffer, to endure*
 Thowe, *a thaw; to thaw*
 Thowless, *thowless, slack*
 Thrang, *throng, a crowd; thickly; much occupied*
 Thrapple, *throat, wind-pipe*
 Thraw, *to turn, to sprain, to twist; to counter-work maliciously*
 Thrawin', *twisting*
 Thrawn, *sprained, twisted, cross-tempered*
 Threap, *to maintain by obstinate assertion*
 Threshin', *thrashing*
 Threteen, *thirteen*
 Thristle, *thistle*
 Through, *to go on with, to make out*
 Throuther, thro'ither, *confusedly, pell-mell*
 Thud, *a blow producing a dull heavy sound*
 Thumpit, *thumped*
 Tightly, *completely; severely*
 Till, to; till't, *to it*
 Timmer, *timber, trees*
 Tine, tyne, *to lose; tint, last*

- Tinkler, *a tinker*
 Tip, tuip, toop, *a ram*
 Tippence, *two-pence*; tip-
 penny, *country ale*
 Tirl, *to make a slight*
noise; to uncover
 Tirlin', *uncovering*
 Tither, *the other*
 Tittie, *female cousin*
 Tittle, *to whisper*
 Tittlin', *whispering*
 Tocher, *marriage portion*
 Tod, *a fox*
 Toddle, *to totter, like a*
child; toddlin', totter-
ing
 Toom, *empty; to empty*
 Toss, *toast*
 Toun, *a hamlet; also a*
farm-house
 Tout, *the blast of a horn*
or trumpet; to blow a
horn, etc.
 Tow, *a rope; wallop in a*
tow, dangle in a halter
 Towmond, *a twelvemonth*
 Towzie, *rough, shaggy*
 Toy, *a very old female*
head-dress
 Toyte, *to totter like age*
 Traced, *put in traces*
 Trams, *shafts of a vehicle*
 Transmogrified, *trans-*
formed
 Trashtrie, *trash, rubbish*
- Trews, *trousers*
 Trig, *spruce, neat*
 Trimly, *excellently*
 Trowth, *truth; by my*
truth!
 Tryste, *country wake,*
fair, rendezvous
 Trysted, *appointed*
 Try't, *tried*
 Tug, *raw hide, for*
plough-traces
 Tug or tow, *leather or*
rope
 Tulzie, *a quarrel; to*
quarrel, to fight
 Twa, *two; twa-three, a*
few
 Twad, *it would*
 Twal, *twelve; the twalt,*
twelfth part; twal-
pennie worth, one Eng-
lish pennyworth
 Twin, *to part*
 Tyke, *a dog*
- Unco, *strange, uncouth*
 Unfauld, *to unfold*
 Unkenned, *unknown*
 Unsicker, *unsure*
 Unskaithed, *undamaged*
 Unweeting, *unknowingly*
 Urchin, *a hedgehog*
- Vapour, *vap'rin, vapour-*
ing, bullying, braggi-

- Vauntie, *vain, proud*
 Vera, *very*
 Virl, *a ring around*

 Wa', *wall*
 Wab, *web*
 Wabster, *a weaver*
 Wad, *to bet, a bet, a pledge; to wed*
 Wadna, *would not*
 Wae, wae, *sorrowful; wae worth! woe to*
 Waefu' woodie, *halter*
 Waesucks! or wae's me! *alas! O the pity*
 Waft, *woof*
 Waifu', waefu', *wailing*
 Wair, ware, *to lay out*
 Wale, *choice; to choose*
 Waled, *chose, chosen*
 Walie, *ample, large, plump; also an exclamation of distress*
 Wame, *the belly*
 Wamefu', *a belly-full*
 Wanchancie, *unlucky*
 Wanner, *wander*
 Wanrestfu', *restless*
 Wark, *work*
 Warl', or warld, *world*
 Warlock, *a wizard; warlock-brief, a spell*
 Warlock-knowes, *knolls haunted*
 Varlie, *worldly*

 Warran', *a warrant; to warrant*
 Warst, *worst*
 Warstled, or warsled, *wrestled; rolled over*
 Was (often), *wast*
 Wa's, *walls*
 Wastrie, *prodigality*
 Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, *I know*
 Water-brose, *brose made of oatmeal and water*
 Wattle, *a twig, a wand*
 Wauble, *to swing, to reel, to waddle*
 Waught, draught; willie-waught, *hearty pull*
 Wauk, *wake*
 Wauken, *waking, awake*
 Waukit, *thickened as fullers do cloth; callous*
 Waukrife, *wakeful*
 Waur, *worse, to worst*
 Waur't, *worsted, overcome*
 Ways, *come thy, come away*
 Wean or weanie, *a child*
 Weason, *weasand*
 Weave stockings, *to knit hose*
 Wee, *little; wee things, little ones; wee bit, a small matter*
 Weelfare, *welfare*

- Weel, *well*; weel-fa'rd,
well-favoured, handsome
 Weet, *rain, wetness*
 Weird, *fate*
 We'se, *we shall*
 Wha, *who*
 Whaizle, *to wheeze*
 Whalpit, *whelped*
 Whang, *a leathern thong;*
a piece of cheese, bread
 Whare, whaur, *where;*
whare'er, wherever
 Whase, *whose*
 What-reck, *nevertheless*
 Whaup, *the curlew*
 Wheep, *fly nimbly, to*
jerk; penny-wheep,
small beer
 Whid, *the motion of a*
hare; a lie
 Whiddin, *running as a*
hare or coney
 Whigmeleeries, *whims,*
fancies, crotchets
 Whingein, *crying, com-*
plaining, fretting
 Whins, *furze bushes*
 Whirligigums, *useless or-*
naments
 Whisht, *silence!*
 Whisk, *to sweep, to lash*
 Whisking, *beard, cat-like*
 Whitter, *whet; a hearty*
draught of liquor
 Whittle, *a knife*
 Whunstone, *a whinstone*
 Whup, *whip*
 Whyles, *sometimes*
 Wick, *to strike a stone in*
an oblique direction; a
term in curling
 Wicker, *willow (i.e. the*
smaller sort)
 Widdieful, *twisted like a*
withy; contemptible
 Wiel, *a small whirlpool*
 Willyart, *bewildered*
 Wimple, *to meander*
 Win, *to win, to get, to earn*
 Win', *wind; win's, winds;*
to winnow
 Winna, *will not*
 Winnock, *a window*
 Win't, *winded, as yarn;*
winnin', winding
 Winsome, *attractive,*
comely, vaunted
 Wintle, *a staggering mo-*
tion; to stagger
 Winze, *an oath*
 Wiss, *to wish; to have a*
strong desire
 Wit, *to know*
 Withouten, *without*
 Witless, *simple, easily im-*
posed on
 Wizened, *dried, shrunk*
 Wonner, *an intruder*
 Wons, *dwells*

Woo', <i>wool</i>	Wylie-coat, <i>a flannel vest</i>
Woodie, <i>a rope, properly one made of withies</i>	Wyte, <i>blame; to blame</i>
Wooser-bab, <i>lover's rosette; the garter knotted below the knee</i>	Yard, <i>a kitchen garden</i>
Wordy, <i>worthy</i>	Yearlings, <i>yealings; born in the same year</i>
Worset, <i>worsted</i>	Yell, <i>barren, milkless</i>
Wow, <i>an exclamation</i>	Yerk, <i>to lash, to jerk</i>
Wrack, <i>to tease, to vex</i>	Yerkit, <i>jerked, lashed</i>
Wraith, <i>wrath; a spirit, a ghost; an apparition like a living person</i>	Yestreen, <i>yesternight, the night before</i>
Wrang, <i>wrong, to wrong</i>	Yett, <i>a gate, such as leads to a farm-yard or field</i>
Wreath, <i>drifted snow</i>	Yeuking, <i>itching</i>
Writers, <i>lawyers</i>	Yill, <i>ale</i>
Wud, <i>enraged</i>	Yird, <i>earth</i>
Wud-mad, <i>distracted</i>	Yokin', <i>yoking, a bout</i>
Wumme, <i>a wimble</i>	Yont, ayont, <i>beyond</i>
Wyle, <i>beguile, wheedle</i>	Yowe, yowie, <i>a ewe</i>
	Yule, <i>Christmas</i>





